Demon Origins

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Demon Origins

by RageSloth

Summary

Together, they were a living nightmare; a force to be reckoned with, and Will had no intention of giving that up. Hannibal's mortality was growing more obvious by the day and if they were to have a family, he would do his utmost to protect that. He needed to take action and find a monster as horrifying as he was in order to keep their family alive, and make Hannibal one.

A fic filled with crazy succubus sex, Hannibal struggling with being a father and having poltergeists in his house, violent vampire fights, and more!

Notes

Thanks so much for checking out the second installment of Succubus!

Please note that I have no interest in negative comments. Nice comments are helpful for the continuance of the story, and negative ones, well, stop me writing for maybe months at a time so... If you can't follow the rule and be nice then kindly get the fuck out. Thanks.

Chapter 1

"Will?" Hannibal called out to his lover as he fixed breakfast, the aforementioned younger man sitting at the counter, reading. Will didn't look up from his book, too engrossed to have heard despite his preternatural hearing.

He was studying, and while it may have looked to Hannibal as if he were simply studying for a forensics exam, going to the FBI Academy as he was, Will had actually secreted photocopied book-pages from another book and placed them inside while he took in the information, flipping a page every few moments. The young succubus had recently found that he could now read and comprehend information at a faster rate than his human counterparts and had taken to reading through Hannibal's extensive library in a very short time-period when it would have taken anyone else possibly ten years. He was currently researching demons and had painstakingly searched out the few detailed books out there regarding the subject, specifically, on the half-demon parasite, the Vampire.

"William?" Hannibal called out again, but Will wasn't listening. He was reading up on vampires "reproduction" habits, in that they didn't reproduce but turned their own prey into vampires by exchanging blood with them. Will was confused how this differed from the existence of "thralls," though, and was trying to figure out how they made thralls versus other vampires. He then felt a strong yet gentle hand on his shoulder and he snapped the book shut.

"Darling?" Hannibal said, squeezing his shoulder lightly.

"Mmm?" Will looked up at his lover; he was wearing a striped maroon button-down, sleeves carefully rolled up his muscled forearms, with an apron tied around his waist. His amber eyes twinkled, looking down at Will and despite the five years they had been together, Will still blushed. Hannibal raised pale brows at him.

"Are you keeping something from me, Darling?" Hannibal asked, though he did not sound accusatory. His sandy-colored graying hair was just slightly out of place from cooking sausages, ground from offal from Will's recent meal on Thursday. Will blinked up at him, shaking his head before reaching up to pull his older lover in for a kiss, moaning sinfully into his mouth. Will hoped it was enough to distract his human by being unimaginatively lewd, reaching in between his legs underneath the apron to squeeze his cock. When he pulled back, licking his lips slowly, Hannibal gave him a knowing look.

"I thought I might remind you that you'll be ovulating in two days time." The older man said, stroking Will's hair back from his forehead. The younger male nodded and bit his lip. Best to know so that he didn't get impregnated by one of his meals. Only Hannibal had that right. They never let any fertilized eggs be anything more than a souffle but Will didn't like the idea of sharing an intimacy like that with some sorry soon-to-be-dead son-of-a-bitch. Will bit his lip, thinking about the prospect of keeping an egg. He had been very tempted this last year; had been letting the idea mature in his head.

"I made the proper arrangements and will be off work for four days." Hannibal explained, leaning to kiss his temple. Will hummed a response and Hannibal gazed at him for a moment, seeing how distracted he was. "Is something troubling you, Will?" Hannibal asked. Will looked up and smiled a little. He truly loved Hannibal. The thought that Hannibal would age and die while Will did not had been troubling him lately. At the very least, if they had a child together Will would always have a piece of him. Will's concerns around Hannibal aging was the reason for his hidden research but he wasn't confident that he could accomplish what he planned.

"... I was thinking... this time... we could let one incubate." Will said softly, looking up through his lashes at the man. Hannibal's brows rose and the corners of his lips quirked upwards.

"For us to raise?" He asked. Normally, Succubi were brood parasites, as it was extremely unlikely to find a long-term partner given that they usually fed on and killed the fertilizer of their eggs, but their circumstances were different.

Will had a lover to provide for him, a home, and an upcoming job once he finished at the academy with Beverly.

Hannibal looked surprisingly delighted.

"I think.... I think we're ready for that, yes. You do know though, that it will also be a succubus?" Hannibal said, tipping his head incrementally. Will nodded. Succubi were fed on human food until they matured, usually at seventeen or eighteen years.

"Yes... but... at least he'll actually know... instead of it being a surprise." Will said. "I want something that's both of us... I want to raise it together. I know I'm young but... I know what I want." Will was twenty-two now, though he would look the same as he did now- young with bright blue eyes, pretty, and with dark curling hair- for the rest of his life, which as far as records go, could be over five-hundred years-old.

Hannibal pulled Will up into his arms and kissed him fervently, lips soft as he kissed him, tongue flicking at his own. He pulled back after a moment and gave him a warm, rare, full-smile.

"Yes." He said. Will grinned up at him. Things seemed so perfect...and if he could just find the answers he was looking for, they would be even better.

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Hannibal was in his office working later that day and Will had invited Anthony over. As he entered the house the slightly-older man looked around with a sly grin.

"Hannibal's been busy since last I was here..." He said in his crisp British accent, amusement in his voice and eyes alight with mischief before looking off into a corner and raising a dark brow. "Hello, Percival." Will scrunched up his nose at him.

"Are you seriously talking to one? You know it's name?" Will asked. Anthony had a talent for seeing ghosts, and apparently, due to Hannibal and Will's habits, they had a tendency to collect spirits who weren't ready to go, as they often weren't when Hannibal and Will got to them. Anthony's charming smile overtook his face.

"Well, it would be very rude of me to simply ignore them, wouldn't it? Do you go into rooms with other people in them and simply ignore them?" The other man said, looking around some more before looking over by the couch with furrowed brows, pointing at something unseen by Will. "I'd watch out for that one." Will looked put-out by this. He didn't like the idea of all these ghosts shacking up in his house when he and Hannibal were known to fuck on literally every surface.

"Sometimes I do ignore people." Will said haughtily. "And what do you mean, 'that one?'" Will asked indignantly, crossing his arms over his chest as if it was Anthony's fault they had acquired so many ghosts. Anthony chewed on his lip, looking around some more.

"Well, it's like... an accumulation of souls... like... they're snowballing. It's all black and foggy; Some of the lesser spirits all coming together into one entity." Will furrowed his brows, alarmed.

"So... that's bad?" He asked, placing his hand to his stomach, as if fearing for the child that had yet to even exist yet. Anthony shrugged and unwound his scarf, draping it over his coat before putting it in the closet.

"Could be, could be nothing. If they end up becoming more aware you could have a poltergeist. A lot never do anything and eventually dissipate, though, so don't worry." Will's eyes widened and he looked in the direction Anthony was pointing before but of course he didn't see anything.

"Don't you ever worry you'll be pulled into the other realm?" Will asked softly, knowing this was very possible. The idea of it was horrifying. He had read about true mediums recently in one of the many tomes they had in their library; they had one foot in the spirit dimension and one foot in their own; something about a spirit who had died horribly attaching itself to a fetus before a new soul could grow. Will had asked Anthony if he remembered anything like that or if he believed in it and Anthony said he didn't but Will felt like he was hiding something.

"No, I think I can handle myself. I don't look it but I've been pretty nasty when I've needed to be." Anthony said with a sly grin. "I just try to stay away from Japan... The shit in the water there... I feel like it has to be just the fact that they believe in it so the spirits just turn themselves into the Yokai that they grew up hearing about? Why else would I have run into a giant fucking ghost foot in the subway over there but not anywhere else? Seriously, in

comparison, the spirits here are harmless." Will couldn't help snorting at the idea. Things were so much stranger than he had ever known, growing up human as he had. Anthony smiled at him and gave him a hug before meandering into the house like it was his own. His wavy black hair was beginning to gray some and Will wondered if it had something to do with being a medium. Who grays that prematurely? He was only twenty-five. He wandered into the kitchen, Will following and going into the fridge to take out a slice of flourless chocolate cake Hannibal had made, placing it in front of Anthony who looked as if he had been given the rarest of jewels before digging in quite happily.

"So, what have you been up to, Love?" Anthony asked, eyeing him curiously. Will was thinking about telling him for quite some time, really, and now that they wouldn't be able to hide it much longer he decided he would tell Anthony of his anatomy now rather than after the baby had hatched. He rubbed at the back of his neck, cheeks already warming with a blush.

"Well... um... Hannibal and I... were thinking about, well, we're planning on... having a baby." Will said awkwardly. Anthony's brows rose and he stopped eating his cake.

"Oh? That's lovely, Will! And how are you going to do that? Surrogate? Or adoption?" Anthony asked with one of his large contagious smiles. Will chewed on his lip, shifting on his feet across the counter from him before leaning his elbows on the marble.

"I'm planning on doing it." Will said. Anthony blinked at him.

"Oh, invetro? You are very attractive, Will. That makes sense. Why let it go to waste? Good choice. Will it be a succubus too?" Anthony asked. Will snorted and ran his hands over his face.

"Okay, how do I explain this.... Um... So, all Succubi are outwardly male and internally female and we all come from eggs... So I would be the one with... the eggs, and Hannibal would be the father." Will said. Anthony's eyes widened and he looked highly amused.

"Will, are you telling me you're pregnant?" Will blushed so hard he was sure he was completely red.

"Well, not yet... I mean I technically have been... or... gravid? I... lay... eggs..." He said awkwardly, rubbing at the back of his neck some more as he averted his eyes. "We just didn't incubate them. My estrus is coming up soon so we're planning on incubating one." Will said, chewing on his lip. Anthony raised a brow.

"Estrus, hmm? Well, this is all news to me. How come you never told me, Will?" Anthony said, going back to taking bites of his chocolate cake. Will looked away, scrubbing at his jaw with his palm as he tried to hide how thoroughly uncomfortable he was.

"Because... it's embarrassing. Why the hell would I tell anyone?" Will said. Anthony raised a brow.

"It's just biology, Will. Although, since you didn't grow up with the knowledge of this I'm sure it was a shock. I suppose I can understand why you didn't tell anyone." Will huffed a

laugh.

"Yeah, that's an understatement. I think I had a bit of a meltdown at first." Will said, grimacing. Anthony nodded before finishing up his slice of cake and got up to put the plate in the washer. He then turned to Will and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Congratulations, Will. This is a pleasant surprise. I do relish the thought of being that one drunken gay uncle." He said with a wide smile. Will smirked and shoved him off.

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Will felt much more confident after talking to Anthony and the next day he had a plan. Alana had even yet to know Will and Hannibal were together, much less that they would be looking to have a child. They certainly wouldn't be able to hide it once the baby hatched. And although Alana was Hannibal's friend, Will was certain that if he tried explaining their relationship it may still sound concerning considering he had first introduced Will as his nephew. Will grinned a little in amusement. It really all sounded quite perverted. Well, technically, it was. But he would try to lessen that fact for Hannibal's sake lest Alana try to kill him.

Will strode up to Alana's office at the university and knocked on the door. He heard her pleasant voice telling him to come in and he entered wearing a small self-conscious smile. Alana looked up from her papers, smiling that wide open smile that made him feel, usually, entirely at ease.

"Will! So good to see you, Honey. How is everything going at the academy?" She asked brightly. Will sat down at one of the gray office chairs across from her.

"Oh, it's going fine..." He said softly, stroking back his hair and avoiding her eyes. The woman frowned a little, brows furrowing in concern.

"Is everything alright?" She asked. "You know I'm always here to talk, Will, right?" Will nodded, scrubbing at his chin.

"I came without talking to Hannibal... there's some stuff we've been keeping from you and I wanted to relieve him from the difficulty of explaining my original situation..." Will said cryptically. Alana blinked in surprise at him and folded her hands on her desk.

"Okay... well, spill the beans, then." She said with a little smile, trying to lighten the mood. Will chewed on his lip. Of course he couldn't tell her he was a succubus; that he fed off people's sexual energy and killed them, but he had come up with information that was close.

"I'm not Hannibal's nephew." Will said, looking straight into her eyes for a moment. Alana's dark brows rose.

"You're not?" She asked, surprised. Will could see her brain working, trying to figure out the implications of that. Will shook his head.

"He um... picked me up off the streets. I had propositioned him." He explained. Alana's eyes grew wide in their sockets and Will tried very hard to stifle some of his amusement. Alana carefully put on a very straight psychiatrist face.

"Propositioned him, how, Will?" She asked. Will smirked a little, unable to hide it but knowing she would see it differently than if he were lying.

"For sex. I was selling myself. He didn't buy me or anything. We talked and he ended up letting me stay with him. He didn't want to tell anybody that I was a prostitute, though, so we were just saying I was his troubled nephew." Will said with a shake of his head and a grin. Alana's eyes grew wide again, unable to contain her reaction.

"Oh, Will... I never would have guessed..." She said, looking troubled. Will shrugged.

"Don't worry about it. I'm fine now. In any case in the past three years we've been in a committed relationship." He said with a small smile, looking up at her self-consciously through his dark lashes. Alana looked like she was hiding some anger, most likely towards Hannibal for "taking advantage," so he continued. "I was pretty relentless at propositioning him still and eventually I got him to... I just thought I would let you know since we've been pretty serious for a while and we're starting a family... We hired a surrogate." Will felt that since the baby would look similar to him it was most practical to explain he was the father. "The baby's born and we should be taking him home next week. Hannibal's getting older and I didn't want to wait." He said, finishing with a shrug. Alana's eyes were smoldering. Will was reading a lot of emotions there; anger, shock, betrayal, concern... she shifted a little in her seat and started fiddling with her form-fitting red dress, fidgeting as she tried to collect herself before eventually folding her hands on her desk again.

"Will, I... I'm happy you two are having a baby but... I'm really upset you two were keeping things from me." She said. "I can't help feeling betrayed." She expressed everything cordially, calmly, and truthfully, as a psychiatrist should. Will sighed and crossed an ankle over his knee.

"Well, you can understand why we were keeping this from you, right? Hannibal's been freaking out about this for months and obviously we won't be able to hide it anymore so I just decided to come talk to you. You know Hannibal isn't one to jump into things without thinking about it. I was... an unexpected development... that turned into a commitment. He's uncomfortable with the age difference but... we love each other." Will said, smiling softly. Obviously, Hannibal had indeed purchased him, had every intention of fucking him, and things were much MUCH less innocent than Will was making it out to be, but he couldn't very well tell Alana that they were made for each other because they were both born to destroy; that they killed and Will picked up a person every other night to fuck and murder; that Hannibal ate the flesh of his fellow human beings and that, as a couple, they were a living nightmare. Telling Alana that he had been a rent boy that had seduced a well-meaning psychiatrist was the easiest way and the closest he could get to the truth. Alana sighed and shook her head in wonder.

"It really upsets me that you two didn't tell me sooner, though I understand why... you've been through a lot, Will, and I suppose Hannibal wanted to respect your privacy. Although it isn't like him to wait until the very last minute." She said, looking a little put-out. "Are you sure

about this? Will, you're so young. Hannibal is a lot older than you... ugh, I know I shouldn't be saying that now but, this is a lot to take in all at one time." She said, dropping her head into her hands. "I should have known... you two are so affectionate... but I just thought it was... familial..." Will snorted and shook his head.

"Sorry, Alana... you know Hannibal and I see you as a good friend of ours... I know it's a shock... You probably see me as, I dunno, some kid, but I'm twenty-six. I can make my own decisions." Will said. Technically, he was twenty-two but age was all relative to a succubus; he consumed knowledge faster than his human counterparts, was generally more mature than most adults, more world-weary, and yet he would look the same age as he did now for the rest of his long life. His driver's license said he was twenty-six so that was what he was sticking with.

Alana sighed and looked at Will with a small smile and furrowed brows; forgiving him almost instantly. Will had that sort of way with people; probably because he was a succubus. Even if he wasn't that charming of a person he came off that way simply because he was pretty and his pheromones were addictive.

"Please don't judge Hannibal for this... He never dated anyone as young as me before, right?" He asked. Alana sighed again and shook her head.

"Not that I'm aware of, no... He's a responsible person... I suppose I can't really be angry at him about you so much as just that you two were keeping this from me... at the very least you two could have told me when you hired the surrogate..." She said, narrowing her eyes at him. Will shrugged.

"Sorry..." Will said softly, really milking her pity. She sighed for probably the third time in a row before coming around the table and giving him a tight hug. Will froze for a second before letting himself relax a bit, then she pulled back, still holding his shoulders, her face breaking out in a smile once again, now that the tension was draining.

"I'm excited for you two. Does he have a name?" Will felt his cheeks heating and he shook his head.

"Not yet... I'll invite you over once we've settled in." Will said, smiling this time with true joy. He had been thinking about names lately but he wouldn't come to a decision until they got to see him in person. Alana nodded and stroked her thumb over his shoulder affectionately before letting him go. "I'll head out now. I just... wanted to tell you. Hannibal's going to be annoyed that I did it this way..." He said with a humorous grin. Alana smiled and waved.

"Bye, Hon." Will waved and left, feeling lighter now that things were slightly more out-in-the-open.

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Hannibal was finishing typing his notes into his files when his lover strode into his office, wearing his least-favorite pair of jeans and a plaid button-down. Why Will insisted upon wearing the ill-fitting denim alluded him. Perhaps just to annoy him. Will's curling dark hair

was wind-swept, face a little pink, showing he had been out in the cold recently. He was beautiful no matter how unkempt Will might try to look, though, and Hannibal always took a moment to appreciate his beauty every time he entered a room. Will gave him a small smirk as he entered before coming to sit right on his desk, giving Hannibal a look that made his eyes glitter, as if he had something mischievous to tell him. Hannibal raised his brows expectantly.

"I told Alana." Will said, starting to unbutton his shirt. Hannibal raised a brow, too familiar with the boy to not immediately know what he was talking about.

"Oh? And how did you go about telling her that?" Hannibal asked curiously. He was unsure if he was irritated that Will had done this without running it through with him first, or if he was relieved to not have to deal with it himself. Will shrugged off his shirt and dropped it carelessly onto the floor, for which Hannibal eyed it disapprovingly.

"I told her I was a prostitute." Will said, looking highly amused with himself as he started to shimmy out of his loose-fitting jeans. Hannibal's brows rose up his forehead.

"Did you? Were you relating that to your feeding habits, I suppose?" Will nodded and without further ado moved to throw one leg over Hannibal's lap and bend over, naked, across his desk, looking over his shoulder with a raised brow.

"Eat me." He demanded rudely, to which Hannibal was all-too-happy to oblige but he did not do as was demanded of him, running a hand over Will's bared ass with calm indifference. Will frowned, narrowing his brows in irritation. "Just do it. I'll tell you everything." Hannibal gave him a sly smile before spreading his cheeks to expose his hole, wet with slick and desire. He leaned in and ran his tongue over his puckered entrance with reverence, groaning softly. Will let out an answering groan and wiggled in his grip. "T-told her... I propositioned you, and, like the golden-boy you are, you turned me down and offered my poor ass a place to stay." Will said, letting out a half-snort, half-moan of pleasure as Hannibal ran the tip of his tongue around his rim before pressing it slightly into him. Will panted out desperately and keened. "Also told her we only started fucking three years ago... pervert." Will growled out, looking behind him appreciatively despite the menace of his tone. Hannibal grazed his teeth over the sensitive flesh, making the succubus shiver a little violently. "W-we hired a s-surrogate and I'm the biological f-father... Just... F-Y-I..." Will let out a small scream when two of Hannibal's fingers entered him, scissoring as he bit lightly at his rim before lapping around it greedily. "S-see?" Will said breathily. "I painted you o-out to... look like a s-saint and I, your lowly s-slut... happy now?" Will groaned and dropped his forehead with a "thunk" onto the wood of the desk. He let out a screech when Hannibal pulled back, lips and chin sloppy with drool, slapping his hand across Will's behind with a good amount of force.

"You're an insolent little whore, Will, so I don't see much of a difference in that story." Hannibal said as if giving him a psychiatric evaluation. Will whimpered and shook his hips, silently asking for more then snickered into the desk.

"I could have told her you were my 'daddy' and you've been paying me for sex the whole time. Would you have liked that?" Will asked, smirking maliciously. Another hard smack was applied to his bottom and Will panted loudly, letting out little breathy moans. Hannibal licked his lips and forcefully pushed his fingers back into Will's hole, sawing them in and out of him

quickly, the succubus letting out one very long moan, head thrown back in ecstasy. The pink ring of his muscle was getting puffy and loose the more he played with it and he ran his tongue lazily around his fingers. "P-painted you as the fucking pervert you-... you are... You know, you will be 'daddy' soon..." Will said with a true smile before dropping his head back down and gripping the edge of the desk tightly. Hannibal smiled as well and pulled his fingers from him, going back to pressing his face deep in between his cheeks before thrusting his tongue into him as far as it would go. Will shuddered and started to come, slick drenching Hannibal's mouth and chin while his cock spurted onto the pristine red carpet. The succubus moaned sinfully, riding Hannibal's tongue for a few long moments before collapsing boneless, onto the desk. Hannibal gave him one last quick "thwap" on his bottom with his palm as he leaned back and pulled a handkerchief to wipe at his chin, licking his lips with satisfaction. Will rested his head on his cheek, breathing beginning to slow, eyes closed and looking the image of both sin and innocence, both.

"Indeed... well, at least we have that out of the way, though Alana is by no doubt furious with me." Hannibal said, frowning. Will huffed a laugh and Hannibal smiled at him despite himself. "Tomorrow... dear, Will..." He reminded him of the impending estrus. Will sighed and nodded.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will entered the old book store just at the edge of Salisbury and raised his brows. He thought the place certainly looked like the kind of store that would harbor the book he was looking for. It was old and dusty, packed from floor to ceiling with old tomes and with very little space between shelves; one had to walk sideways to get through. There also happened to be every manor of curious objects from a vintage real elephant-leg foot stool to hunting and ceremonial knives from the medieval ages. Will stared at one athame in particular with inlaid red stones in the hilt that gave him an odd feeling. It almost felt like it harbored energy... similar to what Will fed upon. When he drew closer to it, curiously, the feeling felt... wrong, as if the energy inside him wanted to get away from the energy inside the athame, like apposing magnetic forces. It was in a locked glass case but when Will placed his hand on the glass it shocked him. He jerked back in surprise and nearly bumped into the old store owner behind him. Will turned quickly, eyes still wide, and swallowed, looking at the man who was for some reason, glaring at him. Was he not supposed to touch the glass? Will grimaced and rubbed at his jaw nervously.

The old man was balding with unkempt white hair that was probably a few inches too-long. He looked ancient, like he could keel over at any moment, and his hands were shaking. Will blinked at him a few times before furrowing his brows. This place was giving him a lot of bad vibes and his skin crawled with it.

"Hey... um... I came here looking for a book... it's not for sale but it's available for making photo-copies?" He said, unsure. The man continued staring at him, unblinking. It was more than a little creepy. Will thought it funny that as a demon, he was disturbed by a little wrinkled old man. "It's called The Grand Grimoire? Le Dragon Rouge?" The old man narrowed his eyes at him and nodded, turning around.

"Yes... come with me..." He said, voice low and croaky. Will shivered a little before following, coughing as he inhaled some dust on the way and having to duck under some dried and lacquered puffer-fish that were hanging from the ceiling like ornaments. They came up to the front desk which was just as cluttered as everything else, with a fair amount of taxidermy on the walls behind it. The desk was more of a display-case, the glass grimy, and inside were a number of different specimens, vintage jewelry, and more of the more-valuable old tomes.

The old man, wearing what Will believed to just be an old bathrobe went behind the desk to a glass case on the wall housing what appeared to be a book even more ancient than the man himself. He reached up to the shelf just above it and pulled something down a little more swiftly than he thought the old man was capable of before turning around and pointing a larger version of the athame in the case before in Will's direction. Will blinked at him, raising a brow.

"Are you a demon?" The man croaked out, looking furious, though it was hard to tell through all the sagging skin and wrinkles. Will stood, surprised for a moment, mouth slightly ajar, before eventually collecting himself, folding his arms over his chest.

"What if I am? I won't take the book from you, I just want the copies." Will said in irritation. The man shook his head, jowls flopping.

"I don't want any demons in my store. Filthy creature. Get out!" He yelled and shook the athame at him. Will just stared at him, expression blank.

"Old man, I highly suggest you let me have the copies. I have absolutely no interest in hurting you. Trust me, I have much better prospects to feed on. You'll be dead soon anyway. Your energy is about as rickety as an old wheel-barrow. What does it matter to you what information I get from the book?" Will said with a roll of his eyes before pulling out his wallet and dropping a few hundred-dollar bills on the counter. "In any case, I doubt that relic there will do much to me. It gives me the heebie-jeebies, but other than that..." Will shrugged. The man continued to glare at him before putting the knife down and slowly turning back around. To Will's surprise, he opened the case and pulled out the fragile book, carefully placing it on the narrow spot of space still available on the desk in front of Will.

"F-fine... find the passage you want..." The old man said, waving at the book with incredibly knobby fingers, scowling. Will gave him a smile that didn't reach his eyes and a small nod before flipping to the table of contents, eventually finding the passage on Vampires under "Parasitic Demons," then under "Blood Demons." He scanned the page quickly and saw there was a passage on making thralls and making vampires.

"Can I get this section on Vampires photo-copied?" Will asked. The man was still staring at him with pale colorless eyes.

"Are you a vampire?" The man asked warily. Will rolled his eyes and sighed.

"If I was a vampire I would have killed you and just taken the damn book. I fuck for food. Is that what you wanted? I don't want to fuck you. Is that good enough for you?" Will snapped at him. The man's eyes widened.

"You're an incubus?" He asked softly. Will sighed, thinking about killing this old asshole anyway- simply slitting his throat because he was irritated. His claws were sliding from his fingertips and Will had to unclench his fists in order to retract them.

"Wrong again. Your information is outdated, though that isn't exactly a surprise considering you seem to be as old as when the last known incubus was said to have existed. Now can I get the damn copies or am I going to have to put you into a trance?" Will said in exasperation, baring his unusually pointy eye teeth; something he tried his best to hide, at least around anyone other than Hannibal. The old man was shaking, though Will wasn't sure if it was from Parkinson's or because he was afraid. Will was betting on Parkinson's since the older man grumbled under his breath like he was just dealing with some "dumb kid" before picking up the old book and walking through a doorway that possibly lead to a back office with a copy machine. Will sighed and threw another couple of hundred-dollar bills on the

counter, feeling a little guilty for being short with the man. But it wasn't Will's fault that he was born this way.

After a few minutes Will's curiosity got the better of him and he came around the counter and reached up to grab the athame off the shelf. As soon as he touched it, with barely even the tips of his fingers, he felt an intense tingling sensation that led down his arm before he felt a deep burning in the middle of his chest. He managed not to scream but he dropped the knife on the floor and grabbed at his chest, gasping rather loudly as the sensation dulled and staring at the thing on the old threadbare carpeting. He had assumed it might hurt considering how he had reacted to the one in the case nearer to the front but just had to try it anyway. Will shook his head, marveling at his stupidity. The only thing was that he didn't understand why the old man would think it would do anything without his touching it. Maybe it could and he just hadn't... activated it? Will frowned, still clutching at his chest as he studied the thing. It was silver, though quite tarnished, and it had inlaid red stones in the hilt like the other, though it was larger. Will wasn't going to try to pick it up again. If it was so damned special the old man could pick it up himself. He went back around the counter and threw one fifty on the pile of cash, feeling rather grumpy.

Eventually the old man came out and put the papers down on the counter for him, not seeing the athame on the ground, and Will gave him a smile despite how irritable he was getting.

"Thank you." He muttered, grabbing the papers and looking through them to see everything was there before nodding to the man and heading out, not looking back.

At home Will put the loose papers into a binder of the research he had collected and read over it much more thoroughly. The summation of the information he found was that thralls were put under a trance before being given a very small bit of vampiric blood, usually rubbed into the cut of a living victim. The thrall's body would act as if being poisoned, but when given the original vampire's blood to ingest, would be healed, but must do as the vampire wishes and must drink of their master's blood once every moon cycle or they will die horribly, as if having consumed arsenic.

In order for a vampire to be made, the original vampire must first drink from the victim to the point of death, then must let the victim drink from them until the blood is replenished. This must happen roughly three times until all blood has been infected within the space of sixteen hours. If not done properly this will likely result in a thrall. The process is painful and similar to the pain that a thrall has when first infected but this continues until the transformation is complete. The main characteristics of transformation are pointed eye-teeth, an ability to pull blood quickly through a single point -though it is unknown how this is done scientifically-, hyper-fast reflexes, extreme strength, and high regenerative capabilities. The regenerative capabilities explain the agelessness of the half-demon and supposed immortality, as is the case with most "immortal" demons, like Will.

Will chewed on his lip, running this information over in his brain. He doubted a vampire would go through the arduous process of creating another unless they were truly invested in the person. Will had no patience to try and somehow have he or Hannibal befriend or seduce a vampire so his plan was to capture and hold a vampire captive until he could get the transformation completed manually. He had no clue if this had ever been done before but he

was just as strong if not stronger than a vampire and Hannibal actually had plenty of equipment with which to do a blood transfusion. He would need the correct restraints, of course, and Will had no idea if Hannibal's restraints could hold a vampire captive. The last time he had truly tried to break from the restraints in the basement had been when he was a pubescent succubus, not mature as he was now, though they had some very strong restraints in the bedroom for when Will went into heat...

Will flipped a few pages over to the information he had stolen at the FBI academy regarding a new serial killer deemed "The Tooth Fairy." It was obvious he was a vampire. The bodies had all been highly anemic and for some reason no one seemed to think they had been drained so much as he had just, for some reason, somehow, picked anemic people to kill. They had bite-marks all over their bodies and whole families were murdered by him. Will had been hot on the trail for the last month and though the senior team working on it had yet to locate the killer, Will had found him easily enough. The vampire was going by the name of Francis Dolarhyde, a home-movie producer at Gateway Corp. Of course Will hadn't told his superiors, and he had no intention of allowing them to capture the vampire. This serial killer would suddenly disappear from the FBI radar, never to be heard from again, a new vampire taking his place and being much more stealthy about it. Will smiled, looking at the company ID he had managed to pull from Gateway's database. The man was plain-looking, with what appeared to be a surgically corrected cleft palate, and seemed quite muscular based on what Will could see of his shoulders. If he was both vampiric and muscular Will was unsure how that might affect his strength but the succubus was up for the challenge.

He closed his binder and carefully concealed it behind a few books in the library before going downstairs to find Hannibal finishing a meal. It wasn't that he didn't trust his partner, but Will wasn't sure if any of his plans would work out and he had no intention of letting Hannibal know he would be putting himself in danger to procure vampire blood for him. The man would likely want to come to capture the creature with him, possibly being killed in the process and Will didn't like that prospect either. Hannibal was strong and incredibly fast for his age but at this point he was no match for Will and therefore likely no match for a vampire.

It seemed Hannibal must have seen his secrets written on his face when Will came in because as soon as he sat down Hannibal took a sip of his sauvignon blanc before looking at his young lover expectantly.

"Did you find whatever it was you went out to get, dear Will?" He asked. Will gave him a wry look and nodded.

"I did, thank you, Dr. Lecter." He said cheekily. Hannibal looked a little less than amused.

"Are you going to tell me what it is you're hiding from me?" He asked. Will shook his head, letting his curls bounce around his cheeks loosely.

"It's a surprise." He said, smirking. Hannibal rose a pale brow. The longer Will kept this from him the less amused he would be. Will thought, perhaps, he could tell him he was looking into ways of extending his life... that wouldn't be wrong, nor would it impede his process. He chewed on his lip, thinking about it and all the ways it could bite him in the ass.

"I'm... researching..." He said cryptically. Hannibal relaxed a little, or at least seemed to, and took another bite of his fish, nodding and looking to him to continue. Will sighed and shook his head. No. He needed to be a fortress. He couldn't let Hannibal know about this yet. "Okay... I can't tell you yet, but I will soon." He said, crossing his arms over his chest in finality. Hannibal narrowed his eyes at him; it wasn't his most ferocious look, but it was deeply unsettling. He took another bite of his fish, eyes cold.

"If you are so intent on keeping your secrets, Will, then I suggest you feed on your own tonight." He said pettily. Will scowled.

"Oh, don't be like that. This is for your own good. I promise it's a good surprise." He said, leaning on his elbows on the table. Hannibal didn't look up from his plate.

"Something tells me this is more important than a gift of some sort, Darling Boy..." Hannibal said, eyes narrow as he took another sip from his glass. Will narrowed his eyes in the direction of his lover, getting irritated.

"Can't you just trust me on this?" He growled out. Hannibal finally looked at him again, amber eyes piercing.

"Can you not trust me?" He asked. Will scoffed and stood.

"I'm going out hunting. I'll be back in a few hours. Go read Dickens or something and stop being in such a damn mood." Will snarled before stomping out. He knew he was being petty, that they both were, but he wasn't going to admit it and he certainly wasn't going to cater to Hannibal's superiority complex. He went upstairs, put on his tightest-fitting black jeans and a black form-fitting button-down, rolling the sleeves up to his elbows. He admired himself in the mirror for a moment and roughed up his hair before stomping haughtily out the door and into the night.

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Will was in a mood even when he appeared at the club, bass thumping through his veins and the tantalizing taste of sex on his tongue. He stood at the bar with a glass in his hand though he didn't drink from it, only pretending to sip, hip cocked out as he waited. Fuck, he wanted to take on an orgy right now, release his frustrations... but it seemed like too much work to try and get the participants together in one room. He needed to start going to gay clubs instead of the uncertainties of this one. At gay clubs people were much more free to express what they wanted and less pent-up, but Will liked occasionally picking up a "straight" boy. If he found the right crowd... he might be able to get two while here with not much effort.

The lights around the club shined blue and purple as Will strutted across the floor to an area with leather half-moon couches. As he went by he took in each taste individually, savoring it, letting the varying energies veritably run across his tongue. He stopped, feeling the energy from a few men in a booth who were each staring at him hungrily. Will turned in their direction and gave them his best suggestible bedroom eyes. He felt a spike in energy that had him swooning and before his mind could catch up with his body, his feet were already moving across the floor. He found himself sliding onto the couch between two fairly attractive young men; one had black hair, gelled to look a little messy, eyes dark and with

olive skin, the other, with thin neat dreadlocks, short enough that they didn't touch his shoulders, skin medium dark, eyes smoldering and lips luscious. Both were well-built and he had the suspicion that they had both been on the same football team in high school, and that, despite a lot of their own misgivings, they often fucked, and slept in each other's arms. Closeted.

Will gave the dreadlocked man a small smile and saw the deep need in his eyes. He leaned into him, reaching up and stroking his hand over a lightly stubbled cheek before kissing him rather lewdly. He reached behind him to the man on the other side of him and smoothed his palm up over his blue-jeaned thigh, close to his groin. Yes, this would work nicely. He felt both their energies thrum and give him decent little nibbles. Will pulled just his lips away, though his face was less than an inch away from the other man's.

"Fuck..." The dreadlocked boy whispered. Will smirked and turned to the other who was watching in deep fascination, thin lips parted. He kissed him too, leaning against him and delicately sliding a hand down his tight stomach and in between his legs, over the growing bulge there.

When one of the other men from their group protested Will's ministrations he quickly snapped his gaze to them, eyes fierce and predatorial.

"Leave." He annunciated, eyes dark and promising violence. Will didn't exactly look like he could take on a bunch of football players but the darkness in his eyes was enough to get the rest of the group to leave the couch, rather hastily. He turned back to the boy on his other side and growled against his lips, biting at the lower one and sliding his hand up his chest.

"Will... what's your name?" He whispered into his ear. The cartilage was pierced by a few gold hoops. Will liked that, lightly biting at them. The other male shuddered.

"Tyrone." He breathed out. Will smiled against his ear.

"Tyrone..." He murmured before kissing him again. He turned to the other male, then, and wrapped his hand around the back of his head, fingers threading through his thick hair before murmuring against his lips.

"My name's Will. And you?" He purred to him, relishing this game. The boy was shivering and Will thought it cute.

"Eu-eugene..." He said, a little less self-assured than Tyrone. Will smiled against his lips and brushed his lips over his again.

"Eugene... come to my flat." He said. A demand, not a question. His voice was growling and low and it hypnotized the other young man. He nodded a little deftly and Will pulled Tyrone closer. "And you? Are you... coming?" He asked with a smirk at the double entendre. The other male blinked a few times at him.

"Wh-where?" He asked, voice a deep baritone. Will licked his lips.

"To my flat, of course."

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Will let out high whimpers as he was pierced by not one, but two cocks; The dreadlocked boy, Tyrone, underneath him, and the other, Eugene, behind. He was already a little drunk from their combined energies, ass stretched wide around them both. They were both quite average-sized but together they were fucking glorious. His darker prey threw his head back, unabashed in comparison to the other, who was trying to be quiet in his grunts as he thrust into Will's wet and leaking opening.

"Ye-yes- keep going- god-" He shuddered from his head to his toes, the energies running over his skin like an electric current. "f-fuck-" He came for probably the fourth time, eyes sliding shut, the friction of his cock against the his prey's tight belly beneath him making it spurt, while is hole spasmed tight around them. The prey at his back let out little whimpering noises as if he was trying so hard to be good and Will shoved his hips back against him.

"Eu-Eugene,... just enjoy it..." He commanded breathlessly, voice enthralling him so that his meal did in fact submit and let out a long deep groan. "Yes- fucking come. Both of you- Inside-!" Will cried out as they began to release inside him, spurred on by his command. As was usual with how Will's power worked, the orgasm hit them over and over while Will soaked up their life force, eyes closed, mouth open in ecstasy. He kept pushing back against them, riding their cocks, stretched so tight. He groaned deep and whimpered, burying his face into the male's chest beneath him, rubbing his cheek against the tight little curls of chest hair there. His prey behind him began to convulse, going silent, hips still moving until the last when he fell backwards and completely off the bed, life force fading. Tyrone kept going, hips jutting upwards into him over and over until his breath hitched. Will wrapped a strong hand around his neck, squeezing and watching everything in his eyes melt away into nothingness as he went limp beneath him.

Will pulled off of the darker male, giving him a once-over but knowing from the fullness inside him and the lack of an energy signature that the young man was gone. He moved off the bed and came around to look at the other lying on the floor, seeing his eyes had gone blank and his energy was fading rapidly. Will watched as his dark eyes dulled, felt the energy receding, then, nothingness. He smiled and licked his lips. Overwhelmingly delicious.

After a while of resting on the bed beside his finished meal, full and brimming, he stood and picked up his dead prey from the floor as if lifting a stuffed animal before going to the kitchen with him where they had a large freezer. He dropped him onto the tiles and pulled a knife from a drawer before straddling the body. He sat on the dead man's thighs and shoved the knife deep under his rib cage and yanked to the side rather roughly, red spots speckling him and the kitchen floor. Will chewed on his lip, memorizing every detail, claws digging into the flesh and fingers sliding in deep, then his palm, past his wrist, searching... searching in the wet hot flesh enveloping him, until at last his fingers wrapped around the correct organ. With a practiced flourish, he yanked it free and out from the ragged incision, eyes rapt on the heart in his hand and smiling, thinking of how proud his lover would be to receive it. He stood and found a cooler, carefully wrapping the meat before placing it inside, then he moved on to the next one.

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With the bodies preserved and resting in the freezer at his and Hannibal's flat, he returned home, swinging the cooler full of goodies as he entered. It was quiet and Will presumed Hannibal was in their bedroom so he deposited the cooler in the fridge for later before heading upstairs, finding him as he had thought, glasses on his nose as he read. Of course; Tale of Two Cities, as Will had suggested. It usually put his lover in a good mood and Will hoped it had done the trick as he practically slithered out of his clothes and slinked up onto the bed. Hannibal eventually looked up as if he hadn't noticed Will was there, though the succubus knew better.

"Sated, Darling?" The older man asked. His eyes weren't nearly as cold as last he had seen them so Will relaxed a little and nodded, curling up against him.

"I brought home some fresh ingredients." He purred. Hannibal's lips twitched in an almost-smile. "Heart, and lungs, from athletes." Will said softly, leaning in to nuzzle against his lover's neck. He felt the older man's strong surgeon's hands slide up his neck and his fingers card through his thick hair before kissing the top of his head. Will took that as their argument was settled for now, and his eyes drifted closed, falling asleep in his arms.

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Will sat back against Hannibal's chest as the older man ate, needing his comforting presence while his stomach ached, cramping as he did before his inevitable heat. He closed his eyes, his lover's strong arm around his waist as he ate his protein scramble. Hannibal rubbed at his belly soothingly and kissed at his cheek.

"You have today off, right...?" Will murmured. Hannibal nodded.

"Of course, Darling. Although, I was thinking it would be easier for both of us if we incubated the second egg, since once we incubate it we will be caring for a baby and that would be hard for you while going through estrus and laying once more." Will nodded.

"Makes sense... I'm anxious to see him, though..." He said softly, a small smile on his lips.

"As am I, Will. Have you thought of any names?" He asked. Will bit at his lip, cheeks heating a little though he didn't know why.

"Um... maybe... Arthur... Or... Thomas... Theodore..." Will listed off dreamily. Hannibal smiled and stroked his hair. "Do you have any ideas?"

"Perhaps Augustus? Or Benjamin? I do like the name Everette." He said. Will smiled wide.

"I like those too. Though maybe not Augustus? I don't like the idea of anyone calling him 'Augie.'" He said, making a face of distaste. Hannibal looked amused.

"Perhaps not." He said with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

I thought maybe I'd add more to this chapter but decided otherwise... lol

The store in the beginning was based off of an old oddities shop I used to visit in Minneapolis called The Book Trader. The store owner was nicknamed "Fluffy" but I didn't want Will to be mean to her so I didn't put her in it. I think the store closed because she died... she was like... fucking old, man... I miss that place. The elephant foot from like... 1800 really creeped me out, though. She had this weird way of speaking where if you were looking at an object she would like, tell you about it as if a commentary, like she was reciting it? It was really weird. Like: "Duck, The Ripper; a duckling holding that of another duck's head in one hand and a cleaver in the other whilst wearing a tophat. The subject has a look of evil in his eyes; truly an object of horror. This piece was made in nineteen-o-nine via a mad taxidermist and has an heir of humor and whit to it." lmfao yes that was a real thing she had in there. And If I said "We'll be back" she'd be like "I know you will..." Even though she didn't remember me. Really creepy and fantastic. Here's to you, Fluffy.

Kudos and comments especially help this author to write more frequently!

Thank you for reading!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will felt the heat coming on fast. It ran through his bones like electricity and he felt a curious tightening in his pelvis. He shuddered and hurried to find Hannibal in his study, a little sweaty as the warmth spread through him even though he was in just his boxers. As soon as he walked in, the older man looked up from his papers, eyes raking over his lover's body appreciatively. He stood knowingly and moved towards Will, drawing him into his arms and kissing the top of his head.

"You're feeling it?" He asked, and Will nodded against his chest, arms wrapped around his waist, pressed tightly to the solidness of his body.

"Please..." He whispered, shuddering again. He wasn't at the point yet where he would force himself on Hannibal, but it was coming. Hannibal's large hands ran soothingly up and down his back before picking him up like he weighed nothing, walking them to their room. As soon as he was laid out on the bed Will reached his arms up above his head expectantly, waiting for Hannibal to lock him in so he didn't do anything regrettable. His heat was the only time he didn't have much control of himself; the monster inside him raged and would scream if not given its way and it would likely try to take everything from his lover whether Will truly wanted to or not.

Hannibal carefully locked the reinforced-steel restraints around Will's wrists to the steel bed frame and Will tugged on them, testing their hold before nodding. Hannibal gave him a small smile and began carefully taking off his tie. Will made a noise of irritation as Hannibal leisurely took his time at undressing. Why was he doing this to him?

"H-Hannibal-" He whimpered and squirmed. He could feel slick leaking from his eager hole and he rubbed his thighs together needily. Hannibal rose pale brows and licked his lips, hungry as well, Will's pheromones causing him to also feel the overwhelming need to mate. after unbottoning his waistcoat and shirt, he pulled them off and carefully folded and set them aside on the dresser, then removed his pants, and to Will's frustration, folded those as well. Will growled, low in his throat.

"Hurry up!" He snarled. Hannibal gave him a curious smirk and shook his head while he pulled off his socks and then his trunks, finally standing naked before him. Will sighed in relief as he crawled up the bed and stood on his hands and knees over him. Will's eyes ran over him appreciatively; loving his angles, the bulging muscles of his arms and legs, the hardness of his body and the little bit of softness of his belly. He was perfect. A perfect mate. He groaned and arched, presenting himself like a gift. Hannibal reached out and brushed the backs of his knuckles against his cheek and Will panted.

"Will... I hate to do this to you at this time but I feel it is a last resort. I need to know what it is you're hiding from me before I indulge you." Hannibal murmured, as if he were saying

sweet-nothings instead of an ultimatum, instead of withholding sex for information. Will's eyes widened and he growled, loud and inhuman.

"F-fuck you, Hannibal..." He snarled, tears prickling his eyes. He needed it. He needed it desperately now. He tugged at his restraints and damned himself for allowing himself to be held captive. Hannibal shushed him and dragged his hand down from his cheek and over his neck and shoulder.

"Tell me, Will, and I'll give you what you need." Hannibal pressed, doing his utmost to be persuasive. Will whimpered and turned his head to the side, looking away from him. How dare he do this to him! He was to be the mother of his child and he was treating him like this? As if Hannibal knew what he was thinking, he responded and kissed his forehead.

"I'm doing this for our family, Will. I'm concerned." Will bit at his lip and closed his eyes.

"Th-this isn't fair..." He whined. The monster inside him, taking over his body and now his brain, whispered to him that it would be alright, that if he just told Hannibal, then everything would go exactly as planned and he needn't worry. Will shook his head, trying to resist his instincts.

"Just tell me, Will... and I'll give you everything you need." He purred in his low, soothing voice as he slid Will's boxer's down his hips. Will squeezed his eyes shut and grit his teeth.

"J-just fuck me and-and I'll tell you after!" He tried, hissing through his teeth, but Hannibal shook his head.

"No, Will. Now." Will sobbed, his body thrumming with need, and he finally submitted.

"F-fine- I- I've been tracking down a vampire. I want to make you like me- I can't-I can't let you grow older while I stay young especially with a child- I can't handle it. I was going to capture the vampire and feed you his blood." Will said entirely too quickly. He scowled at his lover, hating him for torturing him into getting information. Hannibal processed this, head tipping to the side.

"Alright, Will. For now... We'll forget about that. But when your heat is over we will be talking about it. In detail." He warned him, leaning down to kiss him. Will let him but bit at his lip, piercing it with one of his sharp eyeteeth in a last attempt at rebelliousness. Hannibal jerked back and touched at his lip before licking at it, tongue swiping over the blood as it beaded. "I suppose I deserve that..." He said with a soft smile before stroking Will's hair back, wet with sweat from his face. "Darling... I did this for us..." He purred to him as he slid between Will's legs, pulling his knees up and pressing his hips against his, grinding slowly. Will gasped at the contact and he moaned like it was the first time he'd ever been touched, grinding back against his partner desperately.

"I'm going to kill you after this..." Will hissed. Hannibal huffed a laugh into his neck and kissed his skin gently.

"I believe you've said that to me every time you've had a heat... for the last five years. Though you haven't managed to kill me yet, Darling." He said, voice low and gravely with

arousal. Will snarled and huffed, opening his legs wider before letting out a high whimper when Hannibal reached between them and slipped his finger deep inside the wetness of Will's furled opening. He arched and squeezed his eyes shut as he writhed on the single digit.

"M-more-" He gasped, head thrown back and hips moving. Hannibal watched him, amber eyes rapt as he withdrew, only to press back inside him with two digits, thrusting them until Will was letting out continuous moans. Will felt the pleasure winding through him and building but he wanted all of it. He snarled and thrashed quite violently to be released from the shackles to no relief. All the while Hannibal waited patiently, and when Will was ready, panting, and breathless, he pushed inside him, cock spearing him open and making the succubus go pliant as a kitten in his arms. Will opened his mouth to his kisses, letting his tongue enter him and fuck him in rhythm with his cock. He whimpered into his mouth and took each thrust as if it were the only thing he was meant to do. Will had no doubt in his mind that it was at the time. He felt so full and complete with his mate buried deep inside him and he gasped as the pleasure peeked, arching as his body contracted around Hannibal's thick cock, coming and coming. Hannibal had no ideas on coming himself anytime soon and once Will calmed from the round of mind-blowing orgasms he flipped the succubus over onto his knees before mounting him again.

"H-Hannibal- I-I-" Will gasped, though he had no idea what he meant to say.

"Yes, Darling?" Hannibal purred, breathless, into his ear. Will shuddered, not answering, and his eyes watered as his mate thrust inside him, stretching his rim tight. Hannibal's large hand slid up his belly, over his chest, to his neck, holding him in place as he pounded into him violently. Fuck, he loved this. Will cried out over and over. He didn't notice his tears until Hannibal was kissing them from his cheeks and he shuddered, feeling Hannibal's pleasure building; the energy rushing over his skin like so much addictive static. His thrusts grew erratic inside him and Will screamed as another orgasm hit just as his lover began to come deep inside him, the warmth flooding in. The hot magic of Hannibal's energy rushed over him. He would never have enough of that taste; it was both forbidden and the most delicious of any energy he had ever consumed. Hannibal was Will's favorite meal and yet he would never be able to take his fill; would always be a long, torturous, snack.

Will shuddered and shuddered on his elbows and knees as it washed over him and he licked his lips as if he could taste residuals on them; leftover crumbs of Hannibal's delicious flavor. Hannibal stilled over him, though not pulling away, and kissed at the back of his neck lovingly. Will collapsed, face pressed into the pillow beneath him, and groaned.

"Cruel..." He murmured, though he doubted Hannibal could hear, muffled as he was by the pillow. Hannibal stayed on his knees over him and stroked his hair then began pressing kisses to his back along his spine; gentle things so opposite to the way Will knew he could be. He pressed one last kiss to the indents at the base of his spine before laying beside him and reaching up to release the succubus's wrists from the restraints. Will rolled to his side, facing away from his mate and cradled his wrists against himself, brows furrowed. He knew there was something he should be remembering... but he was too tired, his post-heat sleepiness warring with his ability to think. Will sighed and turned back to his mate, curling up against him as he fell into a heavy slumber.

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Upon waking Will immediately remembered Hannibal's antics from a few hours prior. He felt cheated. Hannibal had coerced information from him when he was at his most vulnerable. It wasn't entirely unlike the man, but he still felt abused. He slowly sat up and pulled himself to the edge of the bed. His hips were sore from Hannibal's harsh pounding against him, though, despite how angry he was, he still enjoyed the feeling. Slowly, he stood and grabbed his silk boxers off the floor before walking into the closet.

"Will..." Hannibal called out to him, having woken from Will's movement. Will ignored it and stepped into the legs of his boxers, pulling them up onto his hips before grabbing some artfully ruined jeans off a hanger and tugging them on rather quickly, then a soft gray tee-shirt. He pulled on some socks and boots before stepping back out of the closet and scowling at his mate, gritting his teeth. Hannibal was still naked and laying back against the pillows looking like a sated god. That only made Will angrier.

"'m going to Anthony and Bev's. Don't wait up for me." He growled out before turning and heading out the bedroom door. He didn't wait to see if Hannibal was getting dressed or coming after him and instead rushed downstairs at top speed, quieter and faster than would be natural for anyone human. He slammed the door into the garage as he left and jumped into his SUV, tires screeching as he peeled out of the driveway, feeling quite satisfied by his dramatic exit.

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Will hastily pressed the buzzer to Beverly and Anthony's apartment and waited for an answer, fidgeting and feeling way less self-satisfied than he originally had when he had left home. Someone finally answered with a low semi-questioning groan that Will assumed was Anthony's.

"It's Will." He said into the speaker before there was an immediate buzz and Will was let inside the apartment complex. He rushed up the stairs and was greeted by a sleepy-looking Anthony holding the door and wearing only a pair of pajama pants and an open vertically-striped bathrobe. The human male blinked a few times at him, eyelids heavy before waving him in.

"I didn't think I'd be waking you up. Sorry." Will said sheepishly as he closed the door. Anthony shrugged and waddled sleepily to the couch, dropping onto it and waving Will over to sit.

"Was kind of... 'sleeping over' at Charles' for the last few nights... not a lot of sleeping involved." He snorted, raising a brow at Will. Will raised a brow back.

"Good for you." He said with a little amused glint in his eye. Anthony grinned wide at that and moved to practically collapse against Will on the couch, his head resting on the succubus's shoulder.

"What's going on, mate?" He asked his friend softly.

"Yeah, what the hell IS going on? I thought I heard the buzzer." Beverly said as she padded in in her slippers wearing some wireless headphones around her neck. Her thick black hair was kind of a mess and pulled back half-hazardly into a pony-tail. She flopped down onto the couch on the other side of Will and pulled up her legs to wrap her arms around them, giving Will an expectant look. Will chewed on his lip, feeling oddly on the spot now that he had all the attention on him.

"Hannibal was being an asshole. I uh..." Will rubbed at his jaw nervously, still not entirely used to talking about his less-than-human habits. "I was going through heat and... uh... he forced me to tell him what I've been hiding from him..." Will said, cheeks feeling hot. Beverly tipped her head to the side, brows furrowed in anger.

"He forced you? What were you 'hiding?'" She asked, concerned. Will chewed on his lip and Anthony wrapped his arms around his waist tightly; clingy thing that he was.

"Um... I'm pretty, uh... out of my mind when I get... worked up... and he basically made it clear he wouldn't help me through heat unless I told him my secret... I've been tracking a vampire for the last month. I'm planning on capturing it so that I can make Hannibal a vampire. But I didn't want him to know yet. I need things to be just right... I feel like he fucking betrayed me." Will growled through his teeth, still quite angry. And to think he pulled this shit when they were just planning to have a baby.

"You're going to capture a vampire? Isn't that a little dangerous, Will? I mean... maybe a lot dangerous? It's different than you feeding on people... you'd be going up against someone in an actual fight, right?" Beverly asked, cheek resting on one of her knees. Will nodded slowly.

"Well, I've been in a fight before... but I guess that was against humans." Will said. Anthony shifted against him, pulling back to look in his eyes.

"Will... Vampires are strong... aren't they as strong as you?" He asked. Will made a face, somewhat insulted.

"They're half-demon. I'm sure I can take one on. I'm a full-blooded demon." Will said. Anthony blinked in confusion.

"But wouldn't your dad have been human...?" He asked. Will nodded.

"Yeah but that's not the same thing. The demon side takes over the genetics completely. I've been demon since birth. Vampires have to be turned. They were human once so they're considered only half demon. Although I think with most demons other than Succubi, if a demon mated with a human the baby would be half demon... but because Succubi only mate with humans their DNA has to be passed on correctly for the line to continue so the baby is always full-demon. At least that is what I have gathered from the information I've found." Will explained. Anthony nodded, thinking.

"But... so you've found information about... their skills verses yours?" He asked. Will scowled.

"See, this is why I didn't want Hannibal knowing because I feel like he would question everything I'm doing." Will said in annoyance. Anthony sighed.

"Will, we're just concerned. I support your decision... I just think you should be aware of what you're up against." Anthony said. Beverly nodded in agreement.

"Although, in any case, I think it was majorly fucked-up of Hannibal to force you to tell him when you weren't at your best." Beverly said pointedly.

"I just... I feel completely carnal when I'm in heat and the longer it goes without being sated the worse I get until I'll do just about anything to just... get what I want. He knew that and he took advantage. He's such a gigantic prick sometimes." Will growled. Anthony nodded in agreement.

"I know you may not want to hear this, Will, but... maybe Hannibal was worried... for your safety. I mean... you are planning on doing something dangerous... He was right to be concerned. I'm not saying it's right how he forced you to tell him, but I understand why he did it." Bev said truthfully. Will made a face of distaste, trying to find some sense around that but not really finding any holes in her logic.

"Well... I'm still not going to just forgive him for doing that." Will said in agitation. Bev shrugged.

"Hey, don't have me keep you from being angry at Count Moneybags. He deserves it." She said. Will smirked a little at the name.

"You can stay here whenever Hannibal fucks up, Love. Although, didn't you say you were going to be... I dunno, laying eggs or something? I thought you two were...?" He didn't finish the sentence but Will knew what he was asking.

"We were planning on incubating the second one... The heat's on Tuesday, second egg's on Wednesday." Will said, cheeks heating again from giving his friends so much personal information. "So he better fucking make it up to me by Tuesday or we're going to have a problem." Will said menacingly, his claws springing from the tips of his fingers. Bev's brows sprung up at the display and Will hastily withdrew them, smiling apologetically.

"I'd say so..." Anthony snickered into Will's shoulder.

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They spent the remainder of the night playing video games on the TV in Bev's room before all three fell asleep in her bed.

Will awoke to the understanding that he was being suffocated, and for a moment, he panicked, until he realized what he was being suffocated with; looking up to see that Bev was half-way on top of him and his face was shoved right into the crevice of her breasts, her tank-top riding low. Will made what could only be described as an alarmed squeak before quickly shoving her off. He sat up and swallowed a few times, cheeks burning pink. Bev didn't wake up though Anthony must have because he was on his side and smirking in amusement.

"Was that your first time, Will?" He asked, snickering. Will snarled and kicked him.

"Don't test me right now." He growled, though his lips quirked up at the corners despite himself. Anthony pulled his robe closer around himself, cold.

"Why? Hormonal?" He asked wryly. Will glared. "Well, aren't you? I mean, you're pregnant, right?" He asked, moving over to push Will onto his back and looking at his stomach expectantly. Will made a face, cheeks growing hot.

"I generally just feel kind of hazy... and I think the term is technically 'gravid'..." He said in annoyance as Anthony ran a hand up under his shirt over his belly. He promptly threw the other male off, shoving him off the bed in the process and huffing in amusement when Anthony screeched.

"Don't do that- you're freakishly strong. You could throw me through the wall." Anthony said indignantly, standing and brushing himself off as if he was dirty from the landing. Will looked to Beverly to see if she was bothered by this exchange but she was still fast asleep. He forgot she was a heavy sleeper.

"I think I'm aware of my own strength. How do you think I have sex with people? I think I've got control of it. Otherwise I think I'd break Hannibal..." Will said. Anthony scrunched his nose up.

"Well, that's a little much information..." He said. Will rolled his eyes.

"You've had sex with me. Shut up." Anthony shrugged.

"Haven't had sex with count choculah, though. I assume he's good though, since I have no idea why you'd put up with him otherwise..."

"Mm... yes. He is..." Will said, trailing off as his thoughts went to his lover. He came out of a sort of dazed reverie when Anthony began waving his hands in front of him and Will made a face, seeing he was obviously being effected by whatever hormone made him weirdly air-headed when "gravid." He pulled out his phone, remembering what he had been thinking about, and looked at the screen, seeing he had no new messages from the man. He could be exceedingly stubborn sometimes. They both could. It usually took till one of them broke to end a fight. He made a sigh of annoyance when he saw he HAD gotten a series of text messages from one of his professors at the academy, though. He opened it to find an impressive amount of ridiculous dick pics and pleading messages and he slapped a hand over his face and groaned, handing the phone over to Anthony who promptly dissolved into laughter.

"I kept him alive because he was my professor and I didn't want to draw attention but now I'm regretting it. He was out for about a week with 'the flu'... apparently he's better now. I was hoping I had drained him better than that... I need to figure out how to erase memories... that has to be a thing. I can 'hypnotize' so why can't I just... hypnotize them into forgetting?" Will said, scrunching his face up in disgust as he took the phone back and deleted the messages. If Will drained someone enough but didn't kill them they generally came up with severe flu-like symptoms that could last up to two weeks. He usually didn't drain Hannibal more than just

making him feel tired, thankfully, though occasionally the man would need to sleep for an extended period of time when he was generally someone that slept for only four hours a night. At first Will was confused how Hannibal got everything done until he came to the conclusion that the man barely slept. It explained a lot.

"Why did you shag him in the first place?" Anthony asked, face still glowing with amusement. Will's cheeks grew red and he shyly looked away.

"I wanted to get fucked over a desk by a professor... It wasn't that good, though..." He said, wrinkling his nose up at the memory. Anthony snorted.

"Really? It looks like it might have been good..." Anthony said, raising a brow. Will raised his brows.

"Just because someone's dick is pretty doesn't mean they're good at sex..." The succubus said with a huff of laughter. Anthony shrugged and Will felt his phone buzz, quickly picking it up to see a text from Hannibal. He opened it and his face softened a little.

'Alana asked me to accompany her to lunch and I will be back home near to two. If you need anything don't hesitate to contact me. I am not angry with you, Darling.' It said in Hannibal's unusually formal way of texting. Will folded his arms across his chest, furrowing his brows.

"Like I'm concerned if he's mad at me or not... He should be on his damn knees in front of your building..." Will muttered as Anthony swiped the phone from his grip.

"Stop pouting 'Darling.'" Anthony smirked. "Now where's his dick pic? If he's to make a formal apology there has to be a dick pic involved..." He said as he scrolled through the messages. Will kicked him.

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Alana was practically glaring at him as he entered the cafe, arms crossed over her chest and wearing a severely patterned red dress as if to reflect her anger towards him. Hannibal gracefully sat down across from her and when the waitress appeared he politely ordered a cafe au lait. Alana waited as he ordered, legs crossed and tapping her foot, and when the waitress left she started in on him like a wolf.

"Hannibal, what on earth?" She said, eyes blazing. Hannibal flinched a little, though mostly for show. "You just decided to keep your relationship with Will a secret from me?" Hannibal sighed and put his menu down.

"I thought it was best given the circumstances." Hannibal said. The restaurant was rather loud but that was fortunate considering Alana was most likely going to bring up more private matters that would be noticed if everyone else in the cafe weren't speaking particularly loudly.

"Given the circumstances that you took in a prostitute less than half your age? And don't try and tell me you were having sex with him only in the last few years. Will was just trying to make you look better than you are." Alana said, scowling. Hannibal sighed.

"Must we talk about this here?" Hannibal tried. Alana's eyes flashed.

"Don't give me that, Hannibal. You were the one who insisted on meeting here." She said. Hannibal's brows rose.

"Very well... I did not pay him, if you must be aware. It was not my original intention to have relations with him but he is... persuasive." Hannibal explained.

"I'm well aware he's 'persuasive,' Hannibal. People are practically drooling over him everywhere he goes. Now, don't get me wrong, I don't hold anything against Will for having been in that industry but that comes with a lot of possible abuse and that is why I'm angry with you; because I feel like you could have taken advantage of him." Alana said, calming down a little and taking a sip of her chai tea. Hannibal took a breath and relaxed his shoulders, leaning back in his chair.

"As I'm sure you're aware, Will is an intelligent and capable individual. I saw that potential in him and I had no intention of that going to waste and had every intention of giving him an education. Do you truly think I would take advantage of him, Alana? Will is able enough to decide for himself what he wants and he made that very clear to me within the first month of his living in my house." Hannibal said, words a little clipped. The waitress came by with his cafe au lait and he thanked her before taking a sip, relishing the flavor. This was one of the only cafes he frequented as they were actually skilled enough not to make complete and utter swill.

"I don't think you intentionally decided on taking advantage of him, no... but I think you let your judgment become impaired when it comes to him, Hannibal. In any case, I know it's late for this conversation... but you never gave me the chance to have it with you and I'm really frustrated, Hannibal." She said, stirring her tea with her spoon, watching the liquid swirl in the cup in an effort to not look in Hannibal's eyes lest she tear up. "I care for Will and I hope you are doing what's best for him... and I suppose I'm happy you found someone given that you are extraordinarily picky with your partners... That you're planning a family... but the fact that you left me out... It hurts, Hannibal." She said softly. Hannibal nodded, relaxing and rubbing at his eyes with one hand.

"I'm sorry, Alana..." He said. She nodded before glancing up for a moment, giving him a very soft smile that could possibly have been forgiveness. "You know how private I am about these things... and I let my secrets get over my head. I do everything I can for Will, though he is exceedingly stubborn... He sees a psychologist, as do I, and I hope that is enough to have gotten us past whatever problems may arise given our circumstances in finding each other." Hannibal explained, taking another long sip of his coffee. Alana seemed content with this and she nodded.

"Ok... It's going to take me some time to completely forgive you on this, Hannibal... but... I accept it. I know you've thought long and hard about all of this... so I trust you. This has just all been a lot to take in...I mean, you two are having a child together..." Hannibal nodded, unable to hold back a wide smile. Alana glanced up and smiled too, unable to resist when Hannibal seemed so uncharacteristically excited. She laughed a little and wacked his forearm. "So Will's the father, then? He told me you did invitro? Goodness, that Will be an adorable baby..." Hannibal nodded.

"We found a woman of Lithuanian descent that looks similar to myself so our child should look remarkably close to if he had my genes as well. We'll be taking him home next week." Hannibal explained, elated. It was best to have all bases covered when the situation was as tricky as it was. He didn't want anyone being suspicious if they saw that their child indeed had both their features. "I've been looking into baby sign language. Do you have any thoughts on it?" Hannibal asked. Alana looked excited and explained she'd been interested in that for a while and brought up examples of a few of her friends who had used it but Hannibal couldn't help letting his thoughts drift to the fact that he didn't have a nursery prepared yet and he would have to get on that today if they were to have it ready in time. He had no doubts Will would be home later in the day and they could make up before working out details.

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"Fuck... I should go home..." Will muttered, quite aware he was due any time now, but had been putting off leaving. He had been feeling rather dazed most of the day as he usually was around this time and he was on the couch with Bev, watching some completely ridiculous show about zombies though he had barely been paying attention, his mind elsewhere. Bev looked at him and made a face.

"But we still have like thirty minutes of this left..." She said. Will chewed on his lip. Maybe he could spare another thirty minutes? Anthony had gone out to pick up sandwiches from a shop for him and Bev a while ago now and still hadn't come back. He could at least wait to say goodbye. He swallowed, nervous, but nodded.

"Okay-" The door burst open just then and Anthony came in with a bag, grin plastered on his face.

"Sorry, was flirting with the sandwich shop bloke. Got his number." He said, looking very self-satisfied. Will raised his brows in amusement as Anthony passed a sub wrapped in tinfoil over to Beverly before sitting down to tuck into his own. Will sighed and leaned back against the couch, blinking slowly, trying to regain some brain-function. Why the hell was it always like this with him? Ugh, his stomach was feeling weird... He rubbed at it absently and looked up when he heard Anthony speaking through the fog in his head.

"God, he is really out of it. Should I drive him home?" Anthony said, looking to Bev. Bev furrowed her brows and chewed her lip.

"I dunno... Will?" She said, looking to him. Will blinked a few times and realized the feeling in his stomach was increasing. His hips and back hurt and he was pretty warm. He groaned and covered his eyes.

"Er... might be a little late for that..." He mumbled. "C-can I use your bathroom...?" He asked, dropping his hands and shakily getting up, holding onto the armrest of the couch. He knew his cheeks were probably bright pink. It was humiliating going through this here. What was he thinking?

Beverly looked concerned and nodded and Anthony got up, grabbing hold of his elbow.

"Uh... let me help you over, Love." He said. Will didn't protest. His knees were weak. He started his way over to the bathroom with Anthony's help and shrugged him off once he got to the doorway.

"I'm fine. Sorry... Should have left hours ago..." Will mumbled, holding onto the door frame. He couldn't look Anthony in the face.

"No, Will, you can stay here whenever you want. If you need anything in there let us know. Keep the door unlocked, okay?" He said, concern clear in his voice, tinted by a little bit of panic. Will nodded slowly and closed the door before stumbling over to the bathtub and laying down. He fumbled at taking his clothes off, getting increasingly warmer and eventually he managed to lay back comfortably just as the contractions started. He gasped loudly and pushed, trembling, feeling the familiarness of the egg slowly moving through him. He slid a hand down his belly and between his legs then ran his fingers around his rim, trying to relax himself and let it happen naturally. Sometimes it felt good if he just relaxed enough. The feeling was comforting and he tried to pay attention to that instead of the fact that Hannibal wasn't there. Instead his mind kept running back to that and his emotions began to overwhelm him. What the hell had he been thinking? He should have stayed home. He should have told his mate everything. Why did he think he could just do this without him? He let out a small sob and propped himself up on his elbows, trying to focus but failing miserably.

"Will? Will, are you okay?" Bev called through the door and Will couldn't stop himself from crying more, letting out another sob despite himself.

"C-call Hannibal!" He cried out. Why had he said that? He had gotten this far without him. Why let him win? Will knew if they were going to raise a child together they needed to get over any pettiness but he wasn't exactly in his right mind at the moment.

"Will, I don't have his number... Anthony?" He heard Bev say. Will whimpered as he shuddered again, contractions raking through him. He heard their hurried conversation through the door but didn't pay much attention, pushing and feeling absolutely miserable. It was going to be out by the time he got there anyway. Will squeezed his eyes shut and only opened them when he heard the door open. He scrambled to a sitting position, turning red up to the tips of his ears as Anthony entered before carefully shutting the door.

"Sorry, Love. We don't have your beau's number..." He said, rifling through Will's jeans until he found his cell phone. He dialed and put Will's phone to his ear, Hannibal answering almost immediately. Will relaxed a little upon hearing his voice. "It's Anthony, Dr. Lecter... Will's... uh... laying an egg..." He said awkwardly, glancing to Will before crouching down next to the bathtub and stroking back his sweaty curls from his forehead. Will protested, looking to cover himself and Anthony gave him a look. "Love, I've seen you naked before. Give me a break." He said. Will whimpered and shook, beginning to push some more, feeling the egg opening him up wide. It was nearly out. It was much more difficult with Hannibal not there. His body just didn't want to agree with him. He didn't even really hear what Hannibal was saying over the phone until it was at his ear and Hannibal was saying his name.

"Will, Darling... relax... I'm coming but you'll have to do this without me there for the moment... I shouldn't have let you leave but I know how you get when I don't allow you your

space. I'm sorry... Relax... yes... breath consciously... you've done this before, you'll be fine." Hannibal coached him through it and Anthony held the phone to his ear while he stroked his hair and after a few more moments Will managed to push the egg out, letting out a sigh of relief and collapsing. After a moment it occurred to Anthony to put Hannibal on speaker.

"It's... out..." Anthony said, sounding somewhat bewildered and amazed.

"You did remarkably well, Darling..." Hannibal praised him and Will closed his eyes, relaxing. "Thank you, Anthony. I'll be there shortly." Hannibal said before hanging up. Will squeezed his eyes tightly shut, trying not to start crying again now that Hannibal's voice was gone. He rolled onto his side and curled up and Anthony stroked his back.

"Hey, Love... it's okay... You did fine. Vlad the Impaler is coming to the rescue. He'll be here any minute." He said, trying to cheer Will up with one of the random ridiculous nicknames He and Beverly had made up for Hannibal. Will nodded deftly and reached for the egg, pulling it up and holding it in his arms, somehow comforted by that. "You really did it. I was, uh... a little unsure if it could really happen..." Anthony said in amazement. Will made a face and opened one eye.

"What, you think I just make this weird shit up for my own amusement?" He asked incredulously. Anthony snorted and shook his head.

"No... I suppose not... Do you want to get out of the tub...?" He asked, grinning a little. "You know you could have just used the bed..." Will shook his head.

"Too weak right now..." He mumbled, shivering a little. Anthony nodded and stroked his back some more until Hannibal arrived. As soon as he walked through the door he was at Will's side and carefully pulling him into his arms. Will couldn't hold it in anymore and he promptly sobbed into his nice suit jacket.

"I'm... sorry... okay?" He said between shuddering breaths, tears dampening Hannibal's clothes. Hannibal just nodded and held him, pulling him up out of the tub and into his lap as he knelt on the floor. It was somewhat undignified for him but Hannibal didn't seem to mind. The older man pressed kisses into his hair and Will began to relax, tears slowing.

"Darling boy... everything is fine. I'm not upset with you." Hannibal purred into his ear. Will nodded a little and set the egg down on the floor before wrapping his arms tight around his lover's neck and kissing him. He was sure all the hormones and stress were causing him to be overemotional but he didn't care at the moment, content to let Hannibal coddle him.

Chapter End Notes

I dunno how this chapter is but I felt compelled to write it... It needed to happen how it did. I mostly have no control over how this stuff happens. This is just... how it comes out. I barely have an idea what I'm going to write most of the time. Just, be nice if you

want to leave a comment, okay? I do thoroughly love my commenters and you are all special for reading my random shit. Thank you a ton.

Chapter 4

Will slowly came around to his usual pessimistic, angry, irritated self on the car ride home, holding his egg like a baby cradled in his arms and making a face as he realized he had cracked first. When they pulled into the garage Will hopped out of the car and made for the kitchen, putting the egg in the fridge and turning quickly on his heal to glare at Hannibal. Hannibal sighed upon entering and seeing Will's face.

"Will, I had to know..." Hannibal said slowly. Will streaked across the room before pushing Hannibal back up until he was against the wall, glaring up at him and baring his teeth.

"The ONE moment when I have my guard down and you take advantage of it. How very... *Hannibal* of you-" Will was cut off by a loud ringing clattering noise that made him nearly jump out of his skin. Before he could even really think, Hannibal had grabbed hold of him and shoved him behind as if shielding him. Will blinked in bewilderment looking over Hannibal's shoulder to see that three of the pots hanging from the rack over the counter had somehow come loose and fallen, clattering off the marble and onto the floor. Will blinked in confusion, staring and trying to figure out how not one but three of the pans had come loose from their hooks all at the same time. Hannibal quickly moved past him and went to inspect, looking around in confusion as well.

"Will, did you do something...?" He asked, brows furrowed as he picked up a pan and inspecting it. Will shook his head.

"Like what? Precariously place the pans on the hooks so that they all came off exactly at the same time?" He said, making a face and coming over to pick up the other pans and looking up at the hooks where they normally hung.

"I have no idea how that happened... but I suppose we'll just have to leave it at that for the time being..." Hannibal said softly, obviously upset by this. Hannibal wasn't used to not having control of his environment. Will sighed and leaned against the counter, arms crossed over his chest and staring at his lover. Hannibal breathed in slowly, then exhaled before looking at Will again.

"Will, I had an idea that you were doing something that was important; that was dangerous. And I didn't like that idea. I was right, wasn't I?" He asked, using his therapist voice, expression blank. When Will didn't answer he continued. "My only idea as to why you might hide something from me is if you were betraying my trust or doing something I wouldn't like you doing. I don't like the idea of you doing this without me and I have extreme misgivings about you going after another creature with enhanced strength." Will narrowed his eyes at him.

"You don't think I can do it." He said bluntly. Hannibal sighed and shook his head.

"I don't know anything about vampires, Will." He said. Will rolled his eyes.

"But I DO. I've been researching. I'm not running into this half-cocked. I have it under control." Will explained. Hannibal licked his lips as he thought.

"Have you contacted anyone in the 'supernatural' world? Any other vampires, demons, magicians?" He asked. Will blinked at him before flushing and looking away, shaking his head. He had no idea how to reach such people. The closest he had was Anthony, who he had found by accident. The man was an expert on ghosts, but nothing else. Will blinked, suddenly realizing the reason the pans fell and looked around as if he might see the culprit hanging around. He rolled his eyes at himself, realizing his idiocy and turned back to look at his lover with defiant eyes.

"And I suppose you know such people?" He asked. Hannibal shook his head.

"Will, that world is hidden and I make no claims to know anything about it. I don't want you picking fights with someone whom you know nothing about. Humans are easy enough. I'm not concerned about them but I don't want to lose you over something that could have been avoided. We need more information. We didn't know until recently that you had enhanced mental processing capabilities and speed. That wasn't written anywhere. What do we not know about vampires? Most 'supernatural' creatures don't live long enough in captivity for humans to study them. You're not technically captive so you've survived and we've learned about you." Hannibal said, too sensible for Will's anger to agree with at the moment. He huffed and looked away again.

"So, what, if I don't find a demon or something then we just let you grow old and die?" Will asked irritably. Hannibal moved forward and tipped Will's face up to look at him.

"I'm not leaving you, Will. We'll figure this out together. Are you sure your friend Anthony doesn't know of anyone who might have information?" The older male asked gently. Will nodded, releasing some of his tension.

"He didn't know what I was when we met. He just knew I was doing something to him. He didn't know demons existed. All he knows about are spirits. The only reason I was able to find the vampire I'm tracking is because he's reckless. There's something wrong with him and the problem is that other demons aren't tracked down easily. They don't have obvious habits and I think other vampires are more careful." Will said, feeling lost. Hannibal moved closer and leaned in to kiss at his neck.

"Will... we can do this together... That is all I ask of you. Please tell me you will include me and that you don't rush into this." Hannibal said, sucking at the skin just under his ear. Will made a little noise of pleasure.

"O-okay..." He murmured, hands sliding up the older male's broad chest to clutch at his shoulders as his eyes slid closed, enjoying the feeling of his lips on his skin. Even the barest of interactions like this gave him a delicious rush of energy and sensation. It was always tempting to make more of it but he enjoyed the little touches between them; unhurried and sweet.

"I... I forgot to tell you... Anthony says we are accumulating a mass of ghosts. He seems to think it could get out of hand." He informed him, shyly as if it was somehow his fault. Hannibal pulled back and looked at him thoughtfully.

"You think that the pans are a result of that?" He asked, intrigued. Will nodded. Hannibal raised his brows, looking amused.

"Did you ask Anthony what they wanted?"

"I'm pretty sure they want to be alive again, Hannibal. Or for us not to be." Hannibal considered this.

"I doubt any of your victims are still meandering around. It's not as if it's a horrible way to go." Hannibal said, eyes sparkling with mischief. Will glared at him.

"And I suppose the ones you disposed of are less happy?" Hannibal smiled, that dark center of him shining through the cracks for Will to see.

"Do you suppose they watch us having sex?" His lover asked, humor in his voice. Will's eyes went wide and he felt his cheeks heating, whacking him in the chest.

"If that's the case we're switching from now on." Hannibal raised a pale eyebrow, apparently not completely averse to that.

"Will, you've never expressed interest in that." The older man said wryly. Will's eyes widened, realizing he hadn't. Not really. He wondered why. Was it because it was simply in his nature? Did he feed better by receiving it than by giving it? He blinked a few times, embarrassed.

"I... I just- It's not as if-" Hannibal stopped him, turning them so that he could push Will back against the counter.

"Don't be ashamed. Our society is patriarchal and has the wrong assumption that the one being penetrated is somehow weaker. That has never been the case and I don't judge you, Darling. You know I don't." Will blinked up at him, chewing on his lips.

"Well, you wouldn't want to, right....?" He said, looking away, feeling vulnerable. Hannibal's hands were now on his hips, gently stroking over the jean material.

"I would be very amicable to the idea, Will." He said. Will blinked and looked up at him, surprised. He was surprised he could still be surprised after five years.

"H-have you... before?" He asked. Hannibal shook his head.

"It is one of the items on a list of things I have yet to try, though I had hoped to try with you." Hannibal said, no hint of vulnerability there. He seemed simply intrigued. Will was sometimes jealous of Hannibal's complete and utter freeness. He reached up to trace over his brow and down the sharpness of his cheekbone with his fingers. He watched as his older lover's eyes fluttered shut in pleasure at the soft touch. Strange how they could go from being near to exchanging blows to this sort of tenderness.

"Now, or...?" Hannibal murmured softly and Will shivered before leaning forward to press the length of his body against him. He was hard and strong but there was just the barest bit of softness at his belly that Will liked feeling against his own. He groaned and realized he was famished. He wrapped his arms around his older lover's neck and ground his hips against his. He was just a little too famished and could feel himself already greedily feeding from Hannibal.

"I... I'm afraid I'll take too much... you'll be too tired tomorrow after the heat..." He murmured, blushing. Hannibal smiled and stroked his cheek.

"Maybe we should turn our attentions to getting you figuratively as plump as possible before we make our baby. How would you like that? A veritable feast?" He asked, looking mischievous. Will's eyes widened at what he was suggesting and his cheeks felt hot.

"Y-you mean..." He mumbled. There were few things physical that truly made Will blush anymore but Hannibal of course knew them all.

"The Shadow Lounge, yes." He verified. Will swallowed and Hannibal stroked at the blush on his cheeks with his thumbs. "I do enjoy showing you off, Darling." He purred, plush lips close to his young lover's. Will shivered.

"I... I dunno... Maybe I could just watch others..." He mumbled and looked away, already feeling self-conscious. Hannibal's eyes twinkled and he grasped his jaw, making him look up at him. Will whimpered. The tension was growing exponentially and his knees began to grow week.

"I want you healthy for tomorrow, Dearest. You'll be going of course, and on display." He said softly. It was a demand, and while Will had every ability to say no, he simply couldn't. Not to this man. He swallowed and nodded, feeling about as vulnerable as he had five years ago when Hannibal had toyed with him as he liked.

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Will entered the Shadow Lounge just behind Hannibal, feeling apprehensive. The idea of what they'd be doing was both extremely arousing and unnerving. How was it that Will was the succubus and yet Hannibal was still kinkier than him? They came to the second door in where a large dark bald man stood and Hannibal showed him his ID as well as his club card and the man inspected them closely before nodding curtly and handing them back then looked expectantly at Will. Will blushed and pulled out his own cards, handing them over. The club was extremely exclusive and invite-only though when they had first gone a year ago Hannibal had managed to get Will in without even an interview. His ID said "William Roberts" as well as his club card; a sleek heavy black card that simply had his name, picture, and the club's logo on it; a stylized raven.

"Hmm, I remember you." The man said. "I was in the club last time." He smiled, raising his brows. Will's eyes grew wide and his cheeks grew impossibly redder. Why was he so self-conscious here? The man handed him back his cards and Will placed them back in his wallet as the security guard opened the heavy metal door for him.

Will gasped as the door opened and he received a rush of sexual energy. The place was positively dripping with it. Will didn't remember it being quite this strong last time. He supposed it shouldn't be surprising given that 100% of the people there were incredibly horny or having sex. He reached out and clutched Hannibal's arm as if to steady himself. The first room was the room they would be staying in; reserved for bondage, exhibitionism, and lighter play like spanking. The second room, door off to the left a ways over, was for that as well as mostly everything else in the BDSM community. There were also individual rooms that they had yet to look into. Will was sure that Hannibal was into the sadism part, but he wasn't ready to let Hannibal go at him to that extent, at least not in public and not with anything other than his hand and maybe nipple clamps. Will blushed a little again at the thought and looked around the room as he let Hannibal lead him in.

The room was mainly dark with blue and red lighting; nothing too bright, though there were several round stages placed randomly for those who had been specially invited to perform and these had brighter lights for better viewing. Two were being used currently; both heterosexual couples doing fairly normal exhibitionist things. Off from the stages were different areas with plush floors of all types including fur. There were beds, lounges, couches, and chairs of all sorts. Then came different bondage equipment; X-frames, Stocks, bondage

chairs, benches, and wheels, hoists, racks, massage tables, and sawhorses, among a long list of other things. There were probably around forty people in the room at the moment though as the night progressed it would definitely become much bigger of a crowd. Some were watching the people on stage, others were on different equipment and people watching them, and some were to themselves.

Will was already light-headed with the amount of energy in the room, soaking it in like a sponge thrown into a lake. He moaned out loud and stumbled, caught by his rather amused lover who held him steady.

"Are you alright, Will?" He asked, amber eyes glinting in the dark of the room. Will furrowed his brows and nodded. He wanted to get fucked. Now. He whimpered, looking up into Hannibal's eyes, and swallowed. The older man smiled and stroked his hair back. "Shh... breathe..." He instructed him. Will tried, feeling almost drunk. He just nodded and let Hannibal lead him through. Will could already feel eyes on him, inspecting him, sizing him up, hungry. He tried to keep himself steady as he was pulled along until they got to an empty stage. One of the security guards took one look at them and deemed them the correct couple allowed up, giving them a small nod. Ever since the first night there they had been getting requests for them to 'perform,' though Will had been turning it down. They had gone on stage once and now they couldn't stop getting invites back.

"Wh-we're going on stage again?" Will asked in a small voice that could barely be heard over the music, though Hannibal saw his lips move and apparently that was enough, for he nodded with a knowing grin. Hannibal was wearing one of his less extravagant suits; simply a black pinstripe blazer and pants with a maroon shirt and black tie. Will wondered how much he would be stripping down. He looked down at himself in his jeans and tee-shirt. They really looked like an odd pair but apparently that was a big turn-on. The juxtaposition of young and pretty and older and masculine, of rough-around-the-edges and gentlemanly. Will shuddered at the thought of how they looked. He was over stimulated and he felt raw.

The stage had a red chaise lounge on it that reminded Will distinctly of the one he had been displayed on five years ago when he had been sold at auction when he had first seen Hannibal. He swallowed and stopped at the steps as Hannibal had pulled him by hand up them. Hannibal turned to look at him, raising his brows in a curious innocent way as if he hadn't known what he had been doing when he had ordered the chaise be put there. Will glared.

"What are you doing?" He growled in annoyance. One corner of Hannibal's lips lifted, looking proud of himself.

"I thought I would make things more interesting and change your views on chaise lounges as I rather miss the one you destroyed that had been in my office." Hannibal said, amber eyes glinting under the spotlight. Will snarled and yanked his hand back, strutting up onto the stage before throwing himself down onto the chaise, clearly having a temper tantrum and not caring in the slightest as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"You're such an asshole." Will hissed at him, baring his teeth. Hannibal moved forward and gently tugged on a dark curl hanging in front of Will's eyes before stroking it back behind his ear. Will stared as the older male licked his lips in that sensual way that made him melt a little. Will felt Hannibal's arousal, but he also felt something else that he was only now tuning into; A sort of buzzing, strange warmness. He was tasting it similarly to how he felt other's arousal but this wasn't the same at all. It seemed to almost be tugging at him, and he in turn tugging at it. He blinked a few times in confusion and looked around the club, trying to find the source. It was faint and Will wasn't truly able to locate it after a few moments so for the moment he let it go.

Hannibal had a specific restraint set with a spreader bar that he dropped onto the chaise, along with a bit gag shaped like a dog bone. Will hadn't seen the bit before and it was particularly mortifying. He wondered if Hannibal was punishing him for keeping secrets and running away. Fine. He would show him he could handle all this just fine. Fuck it.

"Darling, you know you will enjoy this..." Hannibal said, leaning down and stroking his cheek. Will chewed on his lips, narrowing his eyes at his lover. There were already people watching and Will was well aware. Hannibal smiled. "Up, darling. Start stripping. Take off everything." Hannibal demanded and Will sighed and pulled himself to his feet. Hannibal sat on the chaise instead, crossing his legs and watching Will expectantly. Will turned to look at him, trying to ignore the eyes on him. Why was it so different at the club? Why did it matter? Will had no clue why he should be so nervous. He was a succubus for fuck's sake!

He began by bending over and undoing the laces of his shoes, then toeing them off along with his socks. He made sure that his legs stayed straight and everyone got a good look at his ass as he did so before standing straight again and slowly pulling off his black tee, revealing his thin but effortlessly toned frame. There was a definite jump in arousal aimed at him and he shivered, working on the fly of his jeans. He was always able to tell when arousal was aimed at him specifically; it had a more tart taste to it. Delicious.

He swallowed and yanked his jeans down, stepping out of them in just his silk boxers. He cocked his hip out and looked at his lover with an unimpressed face though his cock was jutting through the material. Hannibal reached forward and hooked his thumbs in the waistband on the material before yanking them down, leaving Will exposed. The younger man made a quick little noise of alarm and stopped himself from trying to cover up, stepping out of his boxers and handing them along with the rest of his clothes to his older lover who took them and deposited them to the side of the stage.

Will's heart was beating so hard in his chest he could feel it. He felt the blush on his cheeks, his ears, his chest, and his bum; spreading down the backs of his thighs. He looked at Hannibal expectantly and the man uncrossed his legs and spread them before patting a knee. Will swallowed, still glaring at his lover before moving forward, turning, and straddling his thigh. Like this, he could see the crowd forming around the stage; others watching, rapt, as Will was bared naked to them all and sitting on his master's lap like a good little succubus. Hannibal grabbed up the bit gag and held it up to Will's mouth. The succubus leant forward and aggressively took it into his mouth like a dog taking a treat but was afraid of the person giving it to him. The silicone bone sat differently in his mouth than a ball gag and he whimpered a little, feeling vulnerable. Hannibal strapped it around his head before pulling some of his curls out from under the strap so that it wasn't flattened by it.

"Tight enough, Will?" He asked, purring into his ear. Will rolled his eyes and nodded, feeling that he was leaking onto Hannibal's trousers. At first Will had worried that his slick would give him away but apparently no one ever noticed that he got wet without the aid of lube so he didn't worry too much about it now and instead ground down against his thigh to soak the area further, enjoying and hoping that it would stain. He leaned back against the older man and arched, grinding against him until Hannibal made him stop, grabbing hold of his hips and lifting him off his lap. Will was rather disgruntled at having to stop but stood and let Hannibal get up off the chaise lounge.

"On your hands and knees on the chaise, please." He ordered him, stroking him under the chin like a cat. Will groaned through the gag and Hannibal gently pushed him back until Will obeyed, crawling onto the chaise on all fours. He was distinctly aware of the many eyes on him; watching, looking over every part of his body. His heart was thundering and his cock was hard as a rock. Alternatively, his hole was leaking persistently. He wiggled his ass and Hannibal slapped it, the sharp noise ringing through the air as Will jerked in surprise. He was breathing hard through his nose and drool was starting to run down his chin. He didn't look behind him to see what Hannibal was doing, though he knew that he was grabbing the restraints. The restraints and gag weren't simply for play, the restraints made of hard metal rather than the cheaper material other restraints might be made of. If they weren't careful, Will could do something that would oust him as something other than human.

Will swallowed as he felt Hannibal put the first restraint around one of his ankles. His eyes ran over the crowd, many truly hypnotized already by Will's pheromones alone. Most were wearing clothes or bdsm gear, not ready to actively indulge but interested in watching Will get taken apart instead. Will tried not to focus on any faces, feeling the humiliation rise in him. He whimpered and closed his eyes, bowing his head. He was enjoying all the tastes and sensations but the part of him that wasn't just a beast looking to feast was mortified. He hadn't even realized Hannibal had gotten his ankles bound and put the spreader bar on until his wrists were yanked out from under him and he fell onto his shoulders with a muffled yelp. Hannibal cuffed his wrists to his ankles quickly and Will looked over his shoulder at him, glaring and irritated. He was going to shove his cock so hard up Hannibal's ass he wouldn't walk for a week! His older lover's eyes sparkled in his direction, the sides of his lips twitching, and Will thought of all the ways he was going to fuck him up until he realized that was exactly what the dickhead wanted. The older man was a freak in more ways than one and Will knew that already. He huffed through the gag and rolled his eyes.

He was now displayed with his ass as high up as possible, legs spread wide and on his knees with his hole exposed and dripping slick down his perineum to his balls. His shoulders were resting against the chaise and his cheek was pressed into the fabric. The last piece for displaying him properly was a blindfold for hiding Will's eyes should they change to red while he was feeding. Hannibal pulled it out of the little pocket at his breast where a pocket square should be and carefully placed it in front of Will's eyes before tying it behind his head. Will shivered a little, devoid of the ability to speak or see, unable to move without Hannibal unleashing him, he was completely at his mercy, and strangely, it was intoxicating. He moaned into the gag, feeling vulnerable and too aroused for words. The feeling of being watched was still very apparent and of course, he could taste every last onlooker. He wiggled his hips a little, his hole aching with want and he tried to will Hannibal to touch him, but he stayed away for a bit longer, admiring the boy.

Eventually Will felt the welcome touch of Hannibal's hand running over his flank. He shivered and moaned, horrified by the thought that others were watching something so intimate yet he felt the desire surging within him. His older lover gave him a light slap on his right cheek and it made Will jerk but then he was smoothing his palm down over Will's thigh and between his legs, fingers stroking over his hole and running the slick over the sensitive pucker. He made a noise, trying to speak through the gag though he knew it was futile; just a simple "please!" And then a thick finger was pushed inside him and he couldn't help it; he writhed on it, moans coming out loud through the gag and saliva running down from his mouth and onto the chair by his cheek as it rested against the plush velvet.

"You're quite needy for it, aren't you, my little whore?" Hannibal asked, low accented voice cutting through the noise of the music and people talking. He shivered and nodded. Hannibal knew he got off on all of it; the humiliation, the shame, owning up to the

fact that he was made to be fucked and scream and squirm. A tear leaked from his eye and soaked into the black cloth tied around his head. Hannibal's finger pulled out and two entered him then, before pulling at his rim and opening him, showing him gaping. He knew he was from his earlier activities and he sobbed, leaking slick onto the other male's hands. He swore it was practically gushing from him. His muffled pleas became a chant yet he tried to move away from Hannibal's prying fingers. They eventually left him and he mourned the loss for but a second before a blunt object was being forced inside him; thick and silicone, ridged. He screamed as it went inside in one long thrust. Will knew exactly which dildo it was once it was seated inside; transparent and hollow with three ridges. He shuddered, his body clenching over and over again around it. He wondered if Hannibal himself would even penetrate him tonight. Perhaps he was saving his energy for Will's heat. Will supposed he didn't truly care at the moment. He was being filled and fed, hole stretched open around a meaty shape exactly how he should be. The dildo was thrust in and out of him until his eyes rolled back into his head. All the sensations rushed through him and he fed and fed on the audience surrounding them. He came, body gushing more slick which he actually felt drip onto the chaise. His cock sputtered a few drops as well and he kept chanting, though now his unintelligible words were "Yes" and "so good" and "oh god!" as his body swallowed the object again and again.

The thrusting stopped quite suddenly and his gag was promptly unbuckled and yanked off, though the dildo stayed firmly planted inside him. A loud moan escaped his lips as he was pulled toward the edge of the chaise, head hanging off of it before the unmistakable feel of Hannibal's cockhead pushed into his open mouth. He groaned and sucked, enjoying the feeling of being filled on both ends. He was feeding from Hannibal, from the source, while feeding from their audience; a perfect dinner with Hannibal as his favorite part. The older male's cock pushed further in until it hit the back of his throat, fucking into his mouth now with even calculated thrusts. He was at his mercy with his body kept in position like an offering, bared open for any to see. He groaned loudly and sucked at the large girth pressed between his lips until it was pulled away, gag shoved back in place again. He made a noise of frustration and wiggled with it; the only thing he could truly do until the dildo was yanked out and replaced with Hannibal's thick cock. It went in easily, stretched open before-hand by the phallus. It was still so much better to be penetrated by actual flesh. He wanted to be impregnated by his seed again and again until he was full with it.

Hannibal's balls slapped against his own as he thrust into him. He could feel the texture of the man's fine trousers against his thighs and knew he was still fully dressed. The image his mind created in his head of what they must look like sent him spiraling into another orgasm, his body convulsing with it. It wasn't long before he felt Hannibal's cock thicken with impending release and then felt as his seed was injected into him. It was the most satisfying thing Will could have ever imagined every time and he shuddered, coming once more, slick and more slick gushing from him and spurting from his cock. His eyes rolled into his head and he was blissed-out long after Hannibal's cock left him. He barely felt it as he was untied and laid out on his back on the chaise, now soaked in fluids. He was still feeding; and feeding and feeding... The feast was never-ending here. His gag was pulled from

his lips and he took in a deep breath through his mouth, able to pant more freely now and he let out a long moan, shuddering again. Hannibal stroked his fingers through his hair and then removed his blindfold. When Will opened his eyes it was to see his lover above him and he smiled, panting and laughing a little. He wanted to slap him or kiss him or hump him. Maybe he would just do all three... at least after his heart stopped beating so fast.

"Satisfied, Darling?" He asked. Will nodded and was helped to standing only to be instructed to lean against the back of the chaise so Hannibal could lick slick from his thighs, cleaning him as well as enjoying Will's taste. Will just looked dazedly out to the crowd of people, -aware there were much more than when they had first started-, when he realized he was still recognizing that strange taste... and then he saw him. He was sure as soon as he did that that was where the taste was coming from. He was lean and beautiful; glowing, really. With long, straight, strawberry-blond hair reaching well past his shoulders and dark eyes. His lips were full and plump and his overall look was very androgynous. He wore boots, black leggings, and a long, knit, grey sweater that went down to mid-thigh, and he was looking straight at Will.

It hit him then; he was staring at another succubus. His mouth dropped open and for a moment they both stared at each other. There was recognition on the other's face but then he turned away, walking toward a leather half-circle couch nearby and sitting down facing him as if waiting. Will watched as he surveyed the crowd.

"Will?.... Will?" Will blinked, realizing his name was being called and he stood up, blushing and turning to Hannibal. A sudden sense of danger hit him; what if the other succubus went after Hannibal? His eyes widened and he reached up to wrap his arms around his other's neck, pressing the length of his body against him before whispering into his ear, fairly confident the other succubus wouldn't hear.

"There's a succubus over there, by the sawhorse on the leather couch- don't look! I'm going to talk to him... Stay away. I don't want anything to happen to you." Hannibal pulled back to look at him, eyebrows furrowed slightly. Will moved away and pulled on his clothes. Just as he was about to go to the other succubus Hannibal grabbed his arm and murmured into his ear.

"Be careful, Will." Will nodded and smiled at him.

"I will. Go get a drink or something." Hannibal licked his lips, glancing quickly over at the succubus before leaving the stage and going to the bar. Will jumped off of it unceremoniously before walking as confidently as he could over to the succubus sitting on the couch. He stood as Will approached and his eyebrows furrowed for a second.

"Ambrose?" He asked, eyes running over his face in confusion. Will blinked and shook his head.

"No- I... I'm not..." He said awkwardly. The succubus closed his eyes and shook his head in a sort of embarrassed way though he didn't necessarily really seem it.

"Of course... there are differences to your faces, I suppose... the eyes... the build..." He said, looking over his form. "You must be one of his..." He said with a raised brow. Will blinked in confusion at him.

"I'm sorry, who...?" He was befuddled by this meeting and apparently so was the other man. The succubus stared at him and shrugged.

"One of his... *spawn* or... whatever." He said. Will's eyes widened in shock.

"You know my... my father?"

"Well, your '*mother*' and I would assume so. It would be unlikely to meet another succubus who looked so similar who was not related... There are not a lot of us, Dear..." He said snidely, as if this were obvious. Will scowled a little in irritation at his tone but tried to keep his face open; he couldn't make enemies with another of his kind who could possibly be his door into the demon community.

"Anyway, sorry, Lovely. My name is Constantine." The succubus said confidently, holding out his hand. Will took it, giving him as friendly of a smile as possible.

"Will. I've never met another..." He trailed off. Constantine gave a tight smile.

"You're young, aren't you?" He said, patronizingly, raising his perfectly-shaped eyebrows. Will made a face again.

"Well... yeah... How old are *you*?" He asked in confusion. He didn't exactly like the other man's attitude. The succubus arched an eyebrow.

"Honey, It's rude to ask your elders how old they are." Will blinked in disbelief at him and shook his head.

"Uh... sorry...? How do you know my mother...?" He asked, rubbing at the back of his neck awkwardly. He was regretting coming over. But he needed this so he fought against his instincts and made himself be as friendly as was possible for him even if Constantine was haughty and kind of rude.

"I met him back in sixteen-twenty in Paris, I think...?" The succubus said, squinting as he thought back. Will's eyes widened. That meant he was at least four-hundred and twenty years old! He wasn't sure if he could believe that. "We moved over to the states around the same time also. I've seen him here and there over the centuries... I haven't seen any of his offspring, however. Last time I saw him he said he only had one other." He said with a shrug. This was all a lot to take in for Will. He furrowed his brows in thought.

"Are you... *with* that human you were fucking...?" The succubus asked as if it was some sort of gossip. Will blushed, though he wasn't sure why. Constantine scoffed and the younger succubus couldn't help but scowl. "Are you his pet...? Or is he yours?"

"Neither...?" He said in irritation though the comment hit close to home. "Look- do... do our kind have some sort of network...? Or maybe places we all go? Demons and such?" Constantine smirked.

"Why?" He asked as if this was so inconsequential. Will reigned in his anger and took in a breath through his nose before speaking again.

"I need information on a vampire; Francis Dollarhyde. Honestly, information about any vampires would be useful..." He said. The haughty succubus arched a brow.

"I don't *associate* with vampires. Half-breeds..." He muttered in distaste. Will was beginning to doubt he could get any information out of the other man.

"But do you *know* of them?" Will hissed, getting impatient. The succubus was looking over Will's shoulder now, gaze focused on something. Will looked behind him and saw Hannibal standing at the bar. He had what Will guessed was a Manhattan and was sipping from it before glancing over at Will. He licked his lips, freezing, and Will could tell he was assessing the situation.

"I'll tell you what, dear... let me taste your pet and I'll tell you everything you want to know..." Will whipped his head around so fast he thought it might spin right off his neck.

"*What*?" He was seething now. "Are all other succubi like this? Why can't we just have a normal fucking conversation?" He growled. Constantine laughed. He fucking *laughed.* Will felt like he was going to snap. "My mother actually *likes* you?" The other succubus covered his mouth, trying to stifle some of his laughter.

"I didn't say we *liked* each other, dear. I said we'd met. I suppose you're just as irritable as he is though." Will glared.

"Where did you last see my mother, exactly?" Constantine huffed a laugh and looked as if he were thinking back.

"Louisiana. The eighties, I think." The other male sighed and rolled his eyes as if making a decision. "Dear, let me have just a little nibble of your silver fox. I have a hunch I need to confirm... Then we can talk all you like about vampires and demons and what-have-you. Deal?" Will furrowed his brows, about ready to just end the conversation altogether, but if this meant he could get what he needed, then...

"What kind of nibble are we talking about...?" He asked quietly, glaring at the succubus. Constantine smiled wide and Will could see the lack of fangs like his own in the

other's mouth. As far as Will had learned, that meant his blood probably wasn't as old as Will's and he was less powerful. He wondered what would happen if they got into a fight.

"Just... tease him a little..." Constantine said, looking hungry. Will furrowed his brows, making a decision.

"If you do anything other than make him a little aroused, if you hurt him in any way... there will be a problem." Will warned. Constantine smiled toothily, looking very satisfied.

"Of course, dear. Wave him over, why don't you?" Will gave him one last glare before turning to look at his lover. He didn't like this... but he didn't think he had much choice in the matter. It was a miracle he found a succubus at all. This could be his only chance. He waved at Hannibal and made a motion for him to come over with his hand. Hannibal's brows rose and he stood up from the bar with his drink in hand, walking gracefully down from the steps and over to them before coming up alongside Will and putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Good Evening." He said politely, nodding to Constantine. Constantine smiled seductively, eyes running over his lover's form. Will was instantly seething with jealousy.

"Hannibal... This is Constantine... Constantine, this is Hannibal..." He said through gritted teeth, surprised he was managing not to tear the other succubi's damn eyeballs out. Constantine's eyes glittered and he licked his lips.

"A pleasure to meet you... It's not often a succubus takes a long-term partner..." The other male said, looking amused. Hannibal stayed extremely cordial, though Will could practically feel his irritation. The older man reached out to shake the succubi's hand and they shook before Will chewed on his lip, looking at his lover guiltily.

"Uh... I, uh... told him he could taste you... for information..." Will said sheepishly. "Only a little, though!" Will hissed at the other. Constantine looked like the cat who got the cream and Will wanted to punch him in his smug little face. Hannibal's brows rose and he looked somewhat amused.

"Is that so...?" Will chewed at his lip and nodded, knowing Hannibal wouldn't really care either way, though Will certainly did.

"Just make it quick!" Will growled at the other demon. Constantine laughed and he moved up to Hannibal, pressing himself against him, licking his lips before sliding his hand between his legs to cup him. Will felt his anger rising and felt as if it were to manifest itself by blowing steam out his ears. He snarled and sure enough, Hannibal did seem to have a reaction to Constantine's fondling, though not nearly as strong as a reaction as he usually did to Will. The older man looked oddly amused, obviously enjoying this strange encounter as a new experience if nothing else. After a few seconds more Will grabbed Constantine by the shoulder, hard.

"Alright! That's enough!" He snarled. The other succubus froze and arched a haughty brow at Will before slowly removing himself from the older man. He licked his lips and smiled wide before moving over to sit down on the leather couch once more. Will swallowed, seething. He looked at Hannibal who seemed on the verge of laughter, and, seeing Will's reaction, reached out and took his hand, bringing it up to his lips and kissing it.

"Darling..." He murmured, amber eyes entrancing him. Will blushed, the man immediately forgiven for having another man fondle him despite it being Will's suggestion. He took him by the hand and led him over to sit at the couch, looking at the succubus expectantly.

"My hunch was correct... demon lineage. Just the smallest bit but it tastes spectacular. Wendigo, perhaps?" Will furrowed his brows in confusion.

"What? Wendigo?"

"Yes... Your pet probably has a wendigo ancestor. They're a sort of shape shifter that eat humans...usually night-dwelling." The succubus looked absolutely delighted. Will furrowed his brows and looked at Hannibal incredulously. Well, it did explain a lot if that was the case.

"Did you know about this...?" He asked. Hannibal looked mildly surprised and shook his head.

"I assure you I had no idea, though it does explain my appetite, wouldn't you agree, Darling?" Will couldn't help it; he laughed, covering his eyes and shaking his head as he tried to process this all. It took a moment for him to compose himself and Hannibal seemed thoroughly tickled at the turn of events as well. Will eventually got a hold of his fleeting sanity and sighed, looking at Constantine.

"Please, Constantine, can you tell me about vampires? I need to... well, incapacitate or at least entrap one. I need to know what I'm up against. How much stronger are they than us? What are their skills?" Constantine looked to be mulling it over for a moment before crossing his legs and looking at them both knowingly.

"Well, they're half-breeds so they're not as strong, though they are quite fast. Some are faster than us and some are not... You might need to look into the vampire's history if you can. The older the vampire, the more of a threat. Of course, a being older that yourself would have more knowledge in combat, etcetera... A cross won't help you in the slightest, though I assume you know that. They aren't ghosts and are not held back by their own misgivings about religion like humans seem to think. What was the creature's name you were referring to?"

"Francis Dollarhyde." Will informed him. Constantine thought for a moment before shaking his head.

"I have no knowledge of the creature. You will have to consult one on the particular individual. How do you know of it if you don't know anything of demons?"

"I'm a criminal investigator trainee. There's been clues. I followed them. Do you think I can take down a vampire?" Will asked bluntly. The succubus raised a brow at him, looking him over.

"That really depends, dear... come, sit beside me." He said, patting the leather next to him. Will furrowed his brows in confusion, looking at Hannibal almost as if for help before regrettably scooting over to sit next to his fellow demon. The other man reached out with a slender hand and cupped his cheek, turning him to face him before suddenly kissing him, capturing his lips with his own. The feeling felt very strange; as if he had been plugged into what felt like some sort of circuit. He quickly pulled back and the other succubus scowled.

"Kiss me. I need you to be aroused so I can gauge your potential." Will made a face, unsure if he could be aroused with this man. He was possibly one of the most irritating people he had ever met. He gritted his teeth, glowering, before moving to straddle the other's lap. Constantine smirked, hands sliding over his hips. "How old are you, sweetheart?" He purred to him. Will swallowed, grinding down against his crotch and finding maybe some stirring of arousal even if Pavlovian at best. Despite it all, he blushed self-consciously and looked to his lover for guidance. Hannibal nodded at him.

"T-twenty-one..." He muttered. The other succubus looked surprised before chuckling a little. He slid his hands along Will's narrow hips and down to grip his ass before leaning up to kiss him again. This time, Will allowed him, the skin-on-skin contact making the circuit reconnect again. He shuddered at the feeling. It was wholly bizarre. He felt the arousal rise in him when the other succubus slid his hand down the back of his pants and stroked over his hole. Will whimpered, the feeling not unlike tasting a human but intense, jittery, and not satisfying. He was pulling and being pulled; energy being taken, consumed, taken, and consumed, over and over in a cycle. The younger succubus quickly jerked back after a few moments and fell off Constantine's lap and indignantly onto the floor. He was panting, the sensations he had felt not truly welcome, and he felt somewhat sick.

"Well... I never guessed that your bloodline was that old... but it seems your mother was hiding it well. Do you have claws?" He asked with a raised brow. Will blinked up at him and nodded before managing to get to his feet again. "Hm. Interesting. I'm a little jealous, I admit..." He sighed. "You'll most likely do fine, dear... though I would still research the little bloodsucker... Your beau will take to the blood easily given his roots... though, honestly, why you keep a pet, nor why you would risk anything for him is beyond me..." He shrugged before standing. Will made a face behind the demon's back before he turned back to face him. "I must be going. It was a pleasure and all..." He said. Will nodded.

"Uh... thank you..." He said awkwardly, not quite looking into the other's eyes. The succubus nodded before sashaying off and Will sighed in relief, collapsing next to Hannibal and covering his eyes with his hand. That had been exhausting.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Hannibal and Will arrived home that night it was late. They immediately retired to their bedroom and Will went over to the dresser, pulling out his keys and phone from his jean pockets to set in the little tray Hannibal had insisted he put such things in. When he got to his back pocket to retrieve his wallet he was surprised to feel a piece of thick card in along with it. He took it out curiously and saw it was a business card in all white with thick embossed black letters. The front of the card simply said "APEX" along with a street address. The back had a strange IP address that Will recognized wasn't the usual in terms of general searches on the internet though he honestly could not say he knew much in terms of computer knowledge. It didn't have a ".com" on the end or a ".org." which he understood was the general norm for America. It also informed him of a password. He furrowed his brows and held the card up, turning around to look at his lover.

"Do you think Constantine put this in my pocket?" He asked, brows furrowed. Hannibal turned mid-way through untying his maroon tie and looked at the business card curiously, striding over and taking it from him. He studied the front and back before looking up again.

"Looks to be some sort of establishment with an uncommon URL. I assume for security reasons. Apex means 'top' as in 'Apex Predator' which most demons would be considered. I believe this could be an establishment where non-human creatures congregate. You did ask Constantine if there were such institutions and he failed to answer." Hannibal said, eyes glinting in the usual way they did when he was excited. He turned and strode over to his desk, retrieving his laptop before sitting on the bed and turning the device on. Will sat beside him and when the computer was properly loaded Hannibal typed the URL into his browser. It came up with simply a blank black screen. Will furrowed his brows and looked at his partner but Hannibal stared at the screen, seemingly mulling over possibilities before he simply typed in the password on the card: Mythic. As soon as it was entered, an entire website appeared with the name "Apex" as the header.

Hannibal scrolled through the various pages on the site and they eventually came to the conclusion that it was indeed a sort of club for non-human creatures. Hannibal looked incredibly intrigued.

"Well, at least talking to him wasn't for nothing..." Will muttered in irritation, remembering how he had fondled Hannibal and the uncomfortable moment where the two succubi had connected.

"Oh, I believe he gave us more than just this... He did say I had demon lineage, though I'm not sure how much we can trust him. And did he not say something about your 'mother?'" Will's eyes widened as he realized he had completely forgotten to explain that to his lover. Hannibal smiled and closed the laptop, setting it on his bedside table before laying back against the pillows. Will immediately followed, sliding up beside and against him, though leaning on his elbow.

"He... he said he knows my mother... He thought I was him and called me 'Ambrose.'" Will explained. Hannibal's pale brows arched, looking at his young lover in a way Will couldn't entirely read, though he seemed both interested and fond. "He said... they met in the sixteen-hundreds and that he last saw him in Louisiana in the eighties... Makes sense since that was where I was found." Hannibal nodded in agreement. Will blinked when he realized he could possibly find his mother at some point. "Do you think it would be worth trying to find him? I don't know what the point would be, I guess..." Will muttered. Hannibal rolled to his side and stroked along his younger lover's jaw line.

"You don't need a reason besides wanting to do so, Will... If that is what you wish." He said softly. Will shook his head.

"He would have kept me if he wanted me, right? Succubi are supposed to be solitary demons and they don't keep their young. I'm just... weird, I guess." Will said, brows furrowed in thought.

"Perhaps it's just the nature of the situation. They are solitary because they know nothing else and gain nothing from being with another succubi. It's risky to keep a lover they might kill let alone who might learn their secret and find it distressing. They leave their young because they have no choice if they need to feed..." Hannibal theorized. "You are unique because you happened to come into the hands of a human who has a different moral compass whom you enjoy the company of. It's a very unlikely scenario." Will nodded in agreement.

"So... you think maybe he would want to see me?" Will asked, feeling very vulnerable. Hannibal nodded.

"I think he would at least be interested in meeting if only to see how his offspring may have fared. A succubi must have some sort of attachment to his young if he's interested enough to have it gestate." Hannibal speculated. Will hummed in agreement. Their conversation travelled into comfortable silence as Will thought, cuddled up to his lover with Hannibal's strong arms around him. Even though the man was only human, Will still felt safe in his arms.

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Will awoke the next day filled with anticipation. His stomach seemed to flip every few minutes as he thought about what they were about to do. He and Hannibal were going to make a baby. He hadn't even realized he had been pacing the kitchen for the last hour around noon until Hannibal had come over to him and pulled him in against his chest, holding him there tightly as if trying to restrain his nervous movements.

"You are moving quite fast and you're making me dizzy, Darling." He murmured in amusement into Will's ear. His back was pressed against Hannibal's hard chest and he was getting hard from that contact alone. Will bit his lip.

"Sorry... Did you eat? You ate, right? I wasn't paying attention." Will said, swallowing hard. Hannibal nodded.

"Yes, dearest." He murmured, lips brushing his lobe. Will shivered.

"You ate a lot, right? You need as much energy as possible. I don't want you to be sick tomorrow." Will said anxiously. It always made him worried when Hannibal was too wiped from their lovemaking and it was usually after Will's heat. How long before Hannibal grew even weaker with age? But he couldn't think of that now. He would make them a family and he would find Hannibal a blood donor. He would make this work.

"Yes. I ate lots of protein in preparation. You know you don't have to worry for me, Will." Will nodded though he would still continue to worry for him, he knew. His stomach was cramping a bit but he was too anxious to even notice much at the moment. Hannibal seemed to notice somehow though, and rubbed at his belly, leaning in to kiss at his neck.

"Maybe you should have some more just in case." Will muttered. Hannibal chuckled softly.

"I think you forget how human digestion works, Darling. I can't just eat and eat and keep gaining more and more energy like you can. I promise I'll be quite careful." Hannibal purred into his ear. His hands rested on his stomach and Will felt his heart flutter a little. He would be growing an egg that would turn into a baby very soon.

"Is it weird to conceive while restrained?" Will asked, thinking about the fact that they always restrained him with iron during his heats. Hannibal thought about it.

"Well, it is an unusual situation. It would be unusual for the conceiving not to be 'weird.'" Hannibal said. Will furrowed his brows.

"Do we tell him about me right away? Can we trust him not to say anything to other humans? Shit. Can he go to school if he knows? Kids just say shit. He could just blurt it out. Kids can't keep secrets!" Will was working himself up and Hannibal made soft shushing noises in his ear, rubbing his belly again.

"All will be well, Will. We will learn and adapt. I should think we will introduce the concept slowly to him. He will know that you have a 'medical condition' that is hereditary but not bad wherein you can't eat normal food. He will know that some nights you must go out while I stay at home. If we are unsure of him going to school we can employ a tutor, but I think we may be able to trust him by explaining things slowly in a way that a child can understand. In European countries that is how they explain sex to begin with for children; They start off with simple concepts to begin with for every child to understand and progress through stages as the child grows. It is a much healthier way to deal with it than the way they do here, in America. I feel that your experience when you matured would have been slightly less traumatizing had America been better about sexual education. I am not saying that it would have explained your demon biology, just that it would have made experimenting less disturbing." Hannibal said. Will bit his lip and nodded.

"Yeah... I guess so." Will murmured, feeling a little better. "Fuck... we're going to have to buy formula aren't we?" He suddenly realized. He thought about the fact that he couldn't produce milk and made a face, looking down at his chest. Normally, he wouldn't have a problem with that, but the idea of not being able to naturally provide for his baby was a little upsetting. He didn't quite get why; it wasn't as if he wanted breasts. He placed his hands over his chest, furrowing his eyebrows. Hannibal nuzzled against the side of Will's head.

"I have the formula covered. I also have a possible donor set up if you prefer." Hannibal said softly. Will's brows raised and he smiled a little at Hannibal's thoughtfulness.

"You think of everything." He said, kissing his cheek.

Later that day, Will began to feel even more antsy if possible. Hannibal was in his study, doing paperwork, and Will peeked in, watching the handsome older man work. He wanted to sit in his lap for comfort until his heat was impossible to ignore. He tip-toed in like he was afraid to be noticed and Hannibal looked up, eyes glinting with amusement.

"Are you in heat, darling?" He asked. Will shook his head but began to crawl into his lap nonetheless. He straddled his thighs and sat down, scooting in close and wrapping his arms around his broad chest, laying his head against his collarbone. "Do you think you will be soon?" Hannibal asked. Will nodded. He sometimes became a little less inclined to speak just beforehand. "I'm sure I will know when you do if you stay like this." His mate said with a smile. Will just nodded and closed his eyes. He knew it was more difficult for Hannibal to do his work this way but he couldn't have cared in the slightest at that moment. He felt perfect and safe.

It didn't take long for the beginning of his heat to start and he began to wiggle on Hannibal, feeling hot. His hole was damp and his cock was hard and pressing against Hannibal's stomach. He panted and began to grind against the man in earnest. Hannibal's hand came around to cradle his ass and he looked down at Will with glinting amber eyes.

"Are you ready, Darling?" He asked. Will nodded frantically, grinding his ass down into his lap.

"You better tie me up now while you still can, old man." Will purred to him. Hannibal smirked and stood, Will wrapped tightly around him. He proceeded to their room, rubbing Will's back soothingly while one hand simultaneously held him up and pressed fingers to his hole through his pants. They were getting soaked already.

"Do it to me. Do it to me. Fuck me. Breed me. Make me carry your baby." Will rambled, wiggling against his fingers until he was dropped onto the bed. Will immediately shimmied out of his pants and then his tee shirt before holding his arms up above his head to the specially-made steel bed frame and corresponding shackles. Hannibal smiled as he looked his gorgeous succubus over and moved to the side of the bed to help secure Will's wrists. Will wiggled restlessly, panting heavily. "H-hurry up!" He cried out in irritation. Hannibal's eyes glinted and he stroked his hand lightly down his succubus's lean beautiful body, threading his fingers into the downy black feathers at his crotch. Will bucked up into his hand and Hannibal decided to indulge him, wrapping his hand around his hardening cock. It was producing a steady stream of sterile pre-come and Hannibal slid his thumb over his slit, rubbing the slickness around. Will whined.

"Noooo... my hole!" Will demanded. He grew very demanding when in heat and he had no use for his cock no matter how enjoyable it was. He just wanted to be full and inseminated. He opened his legs wide like a whore and arched his back. Hannibal smiled patiently at him and did as commanded, sliding his fingers down over his balls to his hole, running the pad of his finger around the pucker before easily sliding it in.

"You're still loose..." Hannibal said with a smirk. Will blushed and wriggled.

"I am not!" He protested, thrusting back onto his finger and moaning wantonly. Hannibal shook his head.

"You are. At least a little. Two will still stretch you, though. He said, demonstrating by pulling the finger out and replacing it with two. Will moaned as his hole was stretched more. Okay. Maybe he was right. "We should stretch you quite thoroughly before you lay the egg to reduce your stress. I would like for it to be a pleasurable experience." Hannibal said, curling his fingers and thrusting them in and out of Will's slick hole. Will groaned in agony and licked his lips.

"Okay! I'm ready! Put it in me!" He said impatiently. He pulled his knees up to his chest, legs spread obscenely. He didn't care. He wanted Hannibal's cum. Hannibal smiled chidingly.

"No, dearest. We'll be doing this with precision. We don't need any tearing." His mate said gently. Will growled low.

"Goddamnit, I will kill you!" Will snarled, claws extending from his fingers and canines sharp. His reason was going completely out the window now. Yes, he wanted his mate, but his demon side wanted to strangle him. Hannibal chuckled.

"I do enjoy your desperate threats during these times... Sometime I might enjoy seeing you play out what you're imagining." The older man said, now three fingers deep inside Will. He twisted his fingers back and forth before adding another. Will moaned and jerked, still holding his legs in position.

"In! Now! Fuck me!" Will whimpered, hips thrusting back against Hannibal's ministrations. Hannibal continued to play with his hole; idly stretching him. He would make him pay. Will snarled and thrashed and Hannibal gave him his dark predatorial smile. He pressed all four fingers inside of him and Will whimpered, stopping and shoving himself down onto them, but as soon as he did Hannibal stopped, withdrawing his digits from his hole. He began to undress in front of him. Will moaned long and hard at the loss of the fingers inside him. As per usual in these times, Hannibal liked to torture him; taking his time as he pulled each article of clothing from his body. Why did the man have to wear so many layers of clothes?! Will snarled angrily.

"You fucking dick." Will hissed through his teeth. "Put a baby in me. Now." He was using his influence, but Hannibal was used to it; his mind too strong and practiced. The man avoided his eyes for the moment as Will tried his best to control him. He unbuttoned his shirt one button at a time. Will wanted to make that white shirt red. He squirmed, trying to draw Hannibal's attention to his writhing body; cock slapping against his belly from a thrust. He did that a few times, liking it. Hannibal smirked and he pulled off the bed to get rid of his trousers before pulling off his trunks. Will whimpered, seeing his hard thick cock spring up. He wanted his cock so desperately. Of every cock Will had had, his was the best most perfect one; thick, heavy, meaty, and long. The foreskin could retract completely from the head and Will liked to play with it. Too many others were cut. Not that it mattered; anyone else was dead.

Hannibal moved onto the bed gracefully like a panther, and Will groaned impatiently. Hannibal pulled his legs back up until Will was folded in half; spreading him wide and holding him there by his ankles. He dipped his head and slathered Will's wet hole in kisses. He lapped at him and Will whimpered pathetically. God why did he always do this? All he wanted right then was his dick. Hannibal pressed his tongue inside him and Will cried, caught and unable to move. He kept going; flicking his tongue in him and scraping his teeth lightly over his rim until Will came from the overwhelming sensation, howling.

"No-no-no! In me! in me!" Will gasped, writhing. Hannibal dropped his legs and Will moaned, panting breathlessly. His cock didn't spend but that wasn't unusual. He usually came from his cock toward the end when Hannibal was coming in him.

Hannibal moved to place his hips between Will's legs, Will pulling them back up for him as Hannibal aimed and began to press the head inside him. Will cried, finally getting what he so desperately wanted.

"Please! Please! Please!" He chanted, arching his back as Hannibal slowly pushed into him, filling his hole. Hannibal brushed Will's sweaty locks from his face and kissed him. Will nicked a fang on his lips, but Hannibal paid no heed, kissing him just as greedily.

When he started thrusting, Will came again, screaming and wriggling, impaled.

"Darling... you look so beautiful like this; in your element yet still so needy for me." Hannibal purred to him. Will whimpered and nodded, docile as a kitten now that he was full with cock. Hannibal's thrusts grew quicker and Will cried out over and over with each thrust, imagining his body getting ready to be impregnated. He wanted it so bad. He squeezed his hole tight around Hannibal, enough that the man had to stop for a moment, dropping his head against Will's shoulder and groaning. Will thrust back since Hannibal had stopped.

"Cum. Cum. Cum. Cum." He chanted breathlessly, hungry for it. Hannibal chuckled a little and nibbled on his ear, meeting his thrusts after a moment and resisting his need to climax.

"You are quite desperate today, my love..." Hannibal murmured, thrusting harder and faster until Will was coming again with a scream. Hannibal let go of his control and thrust several more times before pressing in deep and pumping his seed into his boy. Will screeched again and came and came, hole squeezing and milking Hannibal's cock as his own spurted against the older male's belly.

Hannibal stayed for a few moments inside him, half hard and kissing his feverish love fervently. Will mewed against him, legs tight around his waist, not wanting to let go. Eventually, Hannibal extricated himself from him, and Will whined at the loss.

"I need more..." Will murmured. Hannibal's eyes glinted at him, laying on his side.

"You always want more, Darling." He said. Will's eyebrows drew in and he pouted like he was a professional.

"But I need it... Hannibal, I'm empty." Hannibal stroked his boy's cheek and shook his head a little.

"You have quite a lot of my cum in you, sweet. I'll give you more very soon. Do you want a toy?" He asked gently. Will whimpered and thought about it. It would be at least thirty minutes before he could be filled again. Hannibal needed to rest and rebuild his supply as well as possibly eat again. He nodded, still pouting and hoping. His lover gave him a small knowing smile and went over to a drawer they had filled with toys, taking out a thick vibrating plug. Will's hole contracted as he looked at it. Hannibal came back with it and held one of Will's legs up, seeing how much his hole was still drooling. He pushed the tapered end against Will's hole and he willingly took it; hole stretching to accommodate it before swallowing it down to the base. Will made a surprised noise as it hit home inside him despite being quite well acquainted with the toy. It at least made some of the ache go away. Not a lot, but some. His hole tried to milk the toy, contracting around it several times and sucking like a pacifier. Hannibal's lips twitched and he patted Will's bottom affectionately before turning the vibration on. Will panted as it started up, wiggling his hips. It also kept Hannibal's cum inside him, so that comforted him.

He stayed like that for a while as Hannibal dozed for a period, then got up to drink water and eat an energy bar. Then they repeated the experience. After about six hours, his heat began to recede and Will sighed, satisfied and full with at least three more loads. He sort of lost track. He had a plug in again just because he wanted to make sure he kept all of it. Normally a man Hannibal's age would have trouble keeping up, but Hannibal's incredibly good health and something about Will's heat made it much easier for him.

"Hannibal..." Will whispered, the man dozing beside him, exhausted. Will had drained quite a lot out of him despite holding back as much as he could. The man was beginning to build up a resistance, to some degree, but not enough. Hannibal's eyes blinked open and he reached out to run his hand in circles over Will's belly. Will sighed. "Let me out? I'm done." He said softly. Hannibal looked him over skeptically for a moment before nodding and grabbing the key from off the table, undoing each shackle and rubbing at his wrists gently.

Will watched him with a deep overwhelming feeling of love, and when Hannibal had finished rubbing at his wrists, as unnecessary as it was, Will wrapped himself around him, falling asleep with him.

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They both slept for a long time, and when they woke, it was morning, and Will noticed the usual barely-there bump in his lower stomach telling him his egg was growing and almost ready. He rubbed at it as he stared, laying in bed next to his lover, and he grabbed the man's large hand, putting it to his belly. Hannibal awoke easily and his eyes glinted while he rubbed at his slightly protruding stomach. One truly wouldn't know anything was different unless they knew to look, but they were both used to this.

Hannibal reached to the bedside table without looking away from Will and grabbed the thermometer he had placed there. Will already knew what he was going to do and let Hannibal wordlessly open his legs, holding one up as he gently tugged the plug free before inserting the thermometer. Will wiggled a little and Hannibal gave him a chiding look while they waited. After a minute he withdrew it and looked at the thermometer with narrowed eyes.

"One-hundred. Still a few hours." He confirmed. Will bit at his lip. He couldn't wait. He squirmed again and Hannibal smiled, reaching back between his legs again and slipping three fingers into him. Will moaned and squirmed on his digits. They fit in easily and Will was already very wet. It made slick noises as Hannibal moved his fingers in and out of him before adding a fourth and sliding his hand up inside him past the knuckles. It stretched Will wide and he whimpered, loving it. Hannibal was trying to ready his body and get him as loose as possible to lay his egg. He thrust into him a few times before he tucked his thumb in alongside the rest of his fingers and slowly pushed his whole fist inside him. Will cried out, his hole stretching deliciously to accommodate. He keened loudly as he got to the widest part of his hand before swallowing it up inside him making an obscene noise. Will flexed around him and Hannibal continued to push his hand up into him until he reached a little past his wrist. Will was becoming a mess; whimpering and pleading incoherently. It felt so incredible.

"You've been a very good boy this whole time, Darling..." Hannibal said, petting at his belly while he began to gently thrust his hand inside him. Will sobbed a little and Hannibal made a fist with his hand, making the intrusion wider. He began to pull out and Will keened as his body tried to keep it inside. His entrance stretched wide around Hannibal's entire fist before finally releasing it, leaving him quite sloppily open. Then Hannibal began to push back in with his hand still balled up and Will cried out, swallowing it down again. He thrust into him a few times and Will's hips rolled on it, eyes rolling back and coming quite hard. Hannibal wasn't done, though. He withdrew his fist again before punching it back up inside him, making Will howl. He did it several more times until Will was sopping and his hole was loose and open. Hannibal moved between his legs and inspected him, trying to determine if he was stretched enough as he looked at his wrecked hole. Will whimpered, just a little embarrassed. He was sure Hannibal could see inside him as he held him open with his thumbs. Hannibal nodded once and released Will's hips before leaning in to give him a kiss.

"Lovely, Will." He murmured against his lips.

Will came down with Hannibal to keep him company while he made breakfast, only wearing loose-fitting sleep pants. He helped Hannibal with chopping some veggies, though he was a bit fuzzy-headed. He was used to that by now, of course. He figured it was some sort of version of baby-brain. That, or to make him relax more before he started laying the egg.

Hannibal watched him cautiously as he chopped and eventually came up behind him, stilling his hand and taking the knife from him before gently kissing him on the side of his neck.

"Sit down, darling." He murmured; his way of telling him he was too stupid to chop anymore. Will sighed and went to sit at the counter, watching his lover move around the kitchen gracefully like a dancer, eyes a little lidded and quite happy to just stare at his ass.

"Um... do we have everything?" Will asked. Hannibal looked up questioningly from the onion he was chopping.

"Everything? Oh. You mean for the baby. Of course, Will. Everything is ready. I even have logs set up and ready in the fireplace for the incubation." Hannibal assured him. Will nodded.

"Okay, good." He said, silent for a few minutes before speaking again. "What if it's not fertilized? That could happen, right?" Hannibal nodded.

"If that is the case we shall just wait until next time." Hannibal said. Will made a face.

"I don't want to wait half a damn year for the baby..." He grumbled. Hannibal smiled at him, transferring all his vegetables into a pan.

"I know, Darling. I am sure it is fertilized. It will be fine. By the end of the day today you will have your baby." His older lover said gently. Will smiled a little and nodded. "Have you thought more about names?" Will thought for a moment.

"Um.. was thinking Mikhail. It's a diminutive of Misha. For your sister." He said. Hannibal stopped all movement for a second and looked up at Will, a little stricken. "Or-or not. It was just a suggestion-"

"That is beautiful, Will." Hannibal said, looking touched. Will smiled.

"Yeah? Should we go with Mikhail Robert Lecter?" Will asked. Hannibal looked like he might actually burn his food for the first time ever. He caught it in time though.

"Yes. Yes Will. That's lovely." He said, tossing the hash and watching it carefully, though he was smiling very openly.

He finished fixing his breakfast and brought it out into the dining room. He absolutely never ate at the counter. Will still sat there for a few moments and Hannibal had to call him in. The younger man looked sheepish at his behavior as he came in and Hannibal patted his lap, not teasing him for it. Will happily took his seat, leaning back against his lover's broad chest and sighing. He leant his head back against his shoulder and closed his eyes, a hand on his belly.

He had dozed off for just a few moments when the chandelier lights over the table flickered several times. Will opened his eyes and looked at it. It was swaying a little. He vaguely wondered why it was doing that.

"Mmm?" He made a noise similar to a question. Hannibal was looking at the chandelier as well.

"I am not sure what did that... You don't think it was- Well, we won't deal with that prospect right now. It's just the lights darling. Nothing to worry about. I'll check the circuit breaker later." He said soothingly in his lovely low tenor. Will nodded, not thinking about it. He nuzzled his face into his neck and fell into a doze again before just simply falling asleep.

He woke up a little later in their bed. Hannibal was reading a book beside him and he rolled on his side, yawning.

"Um... hmm... what time is it?" He asked.

"One in the afternoon." Hannibal informed him, looking up from his book. Will realized he was stripped but tucked in under the covers of their large bed.

"Oh... When did we have sex?" He asked.

"About three in the afternoon until around nine at night." Hannibal informed him. It usually took around twenty hours from the start of his heat for the egg to be ready so he was just about there. He wondered if he woke up because he would be going into labor soon. He always panicked a little about it. Like the other day, he had had some harder labors than others. He assumed this one would be easy enough. The worse labors were usually because Hannibal was not there. It didn't help that his first time was so rough. He supposed he was still nervous because of that more than anything. He rolled a bit and buried his face in against Hannibal's side, as if he could hide from it. He was starting to sweat and he threw the covers off of himself, knowing it was coming on fast.

"You will be fine, Will. I am here." Hannibal reassured him, knowing about his anxieties well enough. He rubbed Will's back as he read and Will easily laid there against him until a pressure began to grow in his stomach. He moaned against Hannibal's side, squeezing his eyes shut. His hips and back ached and combined with the pressure, it was very uncomfortable. Hannibal looked to him and raised his brows.

"I take it you're ready?" He asked. Will nodded and rolled onto his back, spreading his legs. Hannibal moved between them and pulled his legs up further, spreading him open. Will groaned. He knew Hannibal was going to pleasure him and he was getting horny just at the prospect. Hannibal ran his fingers over his loose opening before pressing two in, making Will whimper. He thrust them in and out quickly before adding a third, then a fourth. Will tossed his head back, panting heavily. The pressure and the friction were almost too much. Most of the discomfort was gone now that he was riding the high of Hannibal touching him.

Will began to feel the beginnings of the egg moving out of his womb and into his canal. He pushed and felt the egg moving easily enough. The stretch was a bit wider than Hannibal's fist and he was glad Hannibal had gotten him ready. Hannibal withdrew his hand and began stroking at Will's leaking cock, watching him carefully and pulling at his hole with one thumb.

Will felt incredibly vulnerable but safe with his lover there. He couldn't imagine doing this by himself like other succubi.

"Good boy... you're doing so well, Darling. Push again." Hannibal purred in his low silky-smooth tone. Will nodded and pushed again and it only took that for the egg to slip out. He let out a little noise of surprise and he came just as it pushed through. He lay with his head back for a moment, coming down from the high. That had been much more pleasurable than the other day. He shivered a little, giddy with pleasure and the thought of his egg hatching. He looked down and saw Hannibal holding it gently in one arm. It was as slightly pink and pearlescent like all the others. No way to be sure it was fertilized, but Will somehow felt sure. Hannibal set the egg in the blankets set up in the drawer of the bedside table specifically put there for that purpose before pulling Will up into his arms and kissing him. Will shuddered and wrapped his arms around his neck tight.

"Hannibal..." Will murmured his name and sighed, slumping against him. "Don't let me leave when I'm gravid again, okay?" Hannibal nodded, Will feeling it against his head.

"Of course, Love. I'll always keep you safe. Are you ready to incubate the egg?" Will nodded and pulled back, smiling.

"Yeah. I want to be a father, Hannibal." He said with a bit of awe in his voice. Hannibal stroked his hair, eyes twinkling, and Will got up, going to the bathroom to clean up before pulling his clothes on, giddy with excitement. Hannibal stood waiting with the egg in his arms and they went downstairs together and into the living room where the fireplace stood.

Will wanted to make the fire himself. He had Hannibal hold the egg while he built it, constructing a "log cabin" style pile that should fit the egg perfectly on top. Somehow, it felt right. While he supposed others might be concerned about putting a "baby" in a fire, he knew his could take it; that it craved heat. His body rose in temperature as it readied the egg to almost one-hundred and fifty degrees. Not nearly enough to incubate the egg, but enough to create it.

He lit the fire, making sure it was stable and roaring before taking the egg from Hannibal. He had never done it before, and Will was slightly nervous about it, but he was aware his body and specifically his hands, could handle the flames. He carefully reached out to the fire, which didn't burn as his skin got closer. He put his hands and the egg into the flames and only felt the tickle of sparks on them as he gently placed his egg into the nest of logs. He pulled back, eyes wide with curiosity, and laughed when he saw his hands were dirty with soot. He didn't want to leave his egg. He wanted to watch. It was supposedly supposed to grow in the fire. Hannibal seemed to have anticipated this and left the room for a moment, coming back with a wet rag. Will smiled up at him and Hannibal washed his hands himself.

"That was an interesting thing to witness. It will certainly go into the book." Hannibal said, eyes gleaming. Will knew he was quite excited about their baby. The book, filled with information on Will's physiology, was originally meant for others to read (mainly buyers of succubi at rare-creatures auctions), but now was simply for Hannibal's own documentation. They could give a copy to their son when he was older, then it could be passed down to his offspring, so that they had a guide-book of sorts. There just simply wasn't enough information out there for his kind. If their offspring decided not to raise the baby himself, they could at least find the baby once they matured and give them a copy. It would make things so much easier for Will's kind. There would also be information on how to avoid hunters and auctioneers. Hopefully, no matter where they ended up, Hannibal and Will's family would be safe.

Will and Hannibal watched for quite a while as the egg incubated. At first, Will had sat cross-legged near the fire, simply staring and daydreaming. Eventually, he and Hannibal sat comfortably in a large arm-chair, Will in Hannibal's lap.

Will felt that he should not continue to stoke the fire, but allow it to slowly burn down. Hannibal felt that he should listen to his instincts, so agreed. The egg began to grow after an hour, the fire still roaring. It was interesting that the fire continued to roar despite no stoking of it. The egg grew steadily within the space of another hour, and the flames began to die down. The egg was by then about a foot in diameter; about the size of a curled-up baby. Will also noticed that the egg had begun to move and bulge in areas. The baby was moving within the egg. It had become a duller color and seemed to be much more elastic. After another half-hour, the flames were almost gone, and the egg seemed to have become less opaque, slowly becoming translucent until they could see their curled-up baby. It was obvious that the baby

was at a more advanced stage than that of a human newborn. Maybe about one-year-old due to his size. His eyes were still closed and he was wiggling in his confining space.

The flames died and the egg shell began to simply dissolve until it popped and their baby fell ungracefully out; rolling over the logs and letting out a giggle instead of a cry. Will jumped to his feet and caught him before he rolled off the ledge of the fireplace. He hadn't expected that. He stared in bewilderment at their baby; happily giggling in his mother's-father's? arms. Their baby had a full head of blond hair and amber eyes. He supposed he hadn't expected how the baby would come out or what it would look like. Hannibal came around and looked at their son with a slightly open mouth, eyes full with emotion. Will looked from the baby to his lover with a wide smile. Their family was perfect.

Chapter End Notes

Yaaay! It's been like, a year. Sorry guys. I've been working on an original story. I thought I'd take a break for a moment and finish this chapter. I hope I can continue this thing. Thanks for sticking around!

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